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The Outlook

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THE CURRENCY BILL

The Currency Bill is now passed, signed, and is a part of the law of the land. The sensible business men of the country will not want to waste time discussing its theoretical possibilities, but will begin at once to prepare themselves to conduct their business under its provisions. It is not, however, a waste of time briefly to review its history and the forces which brought it into being, and to consider what, if any, changes it will make in the daily work of the merchant, manufacturer, banker, and farmer.

To the average man or woman who has a bank balance or a check-book there will be no visible changes whatever in the banking system of the country, except such as may possibly appear in the form or typography of the five-dollar National bank note. Receiving tellers will go on accepting deposits, paying tellers will cash checks, and presidents, vice-presidents, cashiers, and boards of directors will continue to make loans under the new Currency Law just as they do to-day under the National Bank Act. The daily operations of the National banks will be unmodified; the depositor or borrower will have no new window to go to, no new officer to see, no different kind of a signature to make to his check or his note, and no new formulas or red tape to understand. The man who will feel the immediate difference is the merchant or the manufacturer or the farmer who is a legitimate borrower of money and who has assets or credit which entitle him to borrow money.

HOW THE BILL OPERATES

There is another type of man who will welcome the operation of the law, and that is the banker of moderate capital in a moderate-sized city or town who knows his customers personally and wishes to take care of their legitimate needs, and who has been prevented from doing so in times of stress under the old National banking act. In 1893, and again in 1907, many of the richest and biggest National banks in the country practically suspended payment—that is to say, were technically bankrupts—because they could not get the bank-note currency necessary to pay their depositors' demands. During those panics practically every bank in New York adopted the rule not to pay out more than a very limited amount in bank notes to any one customer, no matter what the customer's credit and assets were. These banks adopted this rule because they themselves could not get the currency. Under the new law no such currency panic will be possible. A merchant who has tangible assets and unshaken credit may go to his local bank at any time and borrow money on his personal note properly indorsed. If the local bank has not the currency to give him, it may go to the Federal Reserve Bank in its district and, presenting the borrower's note as security, it may get bank notes for him which will circulate all over the country. If the Federal Reserve Bank has not the necessary bank notes, it can go to the United States Treasury and get them, provided the original borrower's assets or credit are good.

A CONSTRUCTIVE MEASURE

This is a simple statement, shorn of all technicalities, of the fundamental and important operation of the law in commercial and financial transactions. It will be no easier than before for the man with poor assets or bad credit to borrow, but it will be immeasurably easier for the man engaged in a legitimate and profitable business to turn his wealth or his credit into a form which will be accepted without question throughout the country. The Outlook Company will probably never again have to pay its employees in checks because its bank has not the bank notes with which to meet The Outlook's legitimate demand on its weekly pay day for the money which it has deposited in the bank during the

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week. The technical statement of the matter is that at last we have an elastic bank-note currency, the volume of which expands as the number of the trade transactions throughout the country increases and which contracts as the number of Nation-wide trade transactions decreases. We do not wonder that President Wilson, who signed the bill on the night of December 23, expressed "a very deep gratification" at being able to sign it. He was entirely justified, by the provisions of the bill itself, by its history, and by the spirit with which both houses of Congress have treated it, in calling it a great constructive measure.

THE HISTORY OF THE CURRENCY BILL

To what body of men is the country most indebted for the enactment of this great constructive measure? To the bankers. This may seem paradoxical in view of the vigorous, united, and some of the time bitter opposition of the bankers to the bill during the past calendar year, but it is nevertheless true. For ten years the bankers of the country, aided by the economists and the scientific students of finance, have been urging the people to adopt a system of "elastic currency," based upon assets, in place of the fixed system based upon Government bonds. When this idea was first preached by the bankers, it was regarded with surprise, not to say with dismay, by the average man who had been taught to believe that the National bank note, fortified by a Government bond, was the best bank note in the world. But the bankers persisted with their campaign of education. One of the earliest advocates of an "elastic currency" was Lyman J. Gage, who often spoke in public on the subject ten years ago. Mr. Gage was then the president of one of the great trust companies of New York City, and had only recently retired from the honorable post of Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. He was an ardent and accomplished advocate of an elastic currency, and he knew how to make its advantages and its operations clear to the layman by simple language and concrete illustration. Such public-spirited bankers as Mr. Gage finally created a common knowledge in the country of the meaning of the term "elastic currency" and a common desire to enjoy its benefits.

But, having set the great ball of public opinion rolling in the direction of elastic currency, the bankers then made the mistake of trying to deflect its course in the direction of *private banking control* of that elastic currency. The Monetary Commission of 1908 was formed and the Aldrich Bill was framed, providing for an elastic currency, but for almost rock-ribbed private control. The Aldrich Bill failed. Public opinion was determined to have elastic currency with paramount Government control. The Glass-Owen Bill was written and introduced into Congress in deference to this public opinion. The bankers as a class, although there were many honorable exceptions, fought for private control to the last ditch. But they had created a Frankenstein monster which they could not manage. Thus we have had during the last six months of 1913 the anomalous condition of the bankers of the United States banded together to fight a reform which they themselves had instituted. Their very opposition, however, simply served to clarify public opinion. It is for these reasons that we say that the country owes the new law first of all to the bankers.

It also owes much to the Monetary Commission and Senator Aldrich, who collected the statistics, figures, and opinions regarding the best currency practice from all over the world. It owes much to President Wilson, who, although not a financier, quickly saw, as a student of history and economics, the great human importance of the reform. To his combination of authority and patience is due the fact that Congress persisted in the face of many difficulties until the bill was passed. Much is due to Congress itself, of course, and especially to its spirit in laying aside to so large a degree the ordinary considerations of political partisanship. The Currency Bill was the favorite measure of a Democratic Administration; its passage will redound to the political credit of the Democratic party; and yet all the Progressives in Congress and many Republicans voted for the bill. Perhaps the most marked instance of patriotism rising above political partisanship or class consciousness is found in the example of Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, a Republican and a banker, who advocated the bill and voted for it. We take off our hat to him.

Credit is also due to Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, whose name is attached to the bill, and who followed its fortunes in the Senate with assiduity and loyalty.

But the one man of all who should have

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the statue, if a statue were ever to be raised to commemorate the new financial epoch which it is hoped and believed the bill introduces into this country, is Carter Glass, of Virginia. Representative Glass was, until the introduction into Congress of the new Currency Bill, unknown outside of his own State, and was certainly not the most widely known man in his own State. He is not a banker; he is not even a lawyer. He learned the printing trade and became a newspaper man, and is now the owner of a daily paper in Lynchburg, Virginia. But he has studied night and day both the scientific and the practical bases of currency reform. He learned both the theory and practice of banking, and he was able in debate to meet the strongest bankers on their own ground. He has been frank, sincere, and open-minded, and he has been actuated by his own almost passionate belief, not that the Democratic party or the bankers or the borrowers or the lenders should be considered in framing the bill, but that the United States of America should be considered. He has won the confidence of his colleagues and the respect of his opponents, and by his course has contributed to the reputation of his native State of Virginia as "a mother of statesmen."

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES

"We are not guardians of the small portions of the educated and the wealthy in the Philippines. We are guardians especially of the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, and we cannot discharge our duties as such guardians unless we remain there long enough to give to the poor, the weak, and the humble a consciousness of their rights and a certainty that they will be preserved under any government to which we may transfer sovereign power."

These words of ex-President Taft were spoken at a dinner given a week ago last Friday in New York City in honor of the man who has just retired as Governor-General of the Philippines, Mr. W. Cameron Forbes. They might be taken as an expression of the principal article of faith of those who up to the present Administration have been responsible for the Philippine policy of the United States. In these words there is also implied a warning. Naturally at this dinner there was a tone of concern for the Filipino, inasmuch as men who have become experienced in facing certain difficulties have some ground for concern when men of inexperience face those same difficulties. The speeches at this dinner consisted mainly in statements of what those difficulties in the islands were and of what had been done towards overcoming them.

Mr. Dean C. Worcester, who has recently been displaced as Secretary of the Interior of the islands, dealt especially with the problems of the non-civilized tribes—in particular, the Moros. The point which he emphasized was the necessity of giving to the Moros our civilization not by word of mouth so much as by example.

The principal speech of course was that by Mr. Forbes himself. He told how political discussion by the native agitator had been met by providing those material things that will supply the economic independence on which political independence must rest—improvements in ports, roads, buildings, wells, bridges, and the like. He dwelt at some length upon the importance of the question of land titles, pointing out the fact that the settlement of the land title question lies at the foundation of citizenship. He recounted also the work that had been done against unusual obstacles in providing adequate titles for land. He told of what had been done in training Filipinos on the financial side of government. He expressed regret that those who had been chiefly instrumental in dealing with the problems of land titles and of the education of young Filipinos in finance had been displaced under the present Administration. He contrasted the primitive means of transportation that prevailed about Manila when he went there with the hundreds of miles of road and of railway that now run in all directions. He contrasted the former polluted water supply that carried death with the artesian wells that are now in operation. He contrasted the former disinclination of the well-bred Filipino to soil his hands or to make physical exertion with the present vogue of baseball. He likened the turning of the present Filipino government over into the hands of the Filipinos, with their undeveloped capacity for self-government, to the turning of a high-powered automobile, which may be safely driven by a trained chauffeur, loose in the street with the throttle wide open.

Even the most prejudiced against what they call the imperialist policy would, we think, acknowledge the sincerity of the speakers at this dinner in their concern for the future of the islands. We believe that a

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wide distribution of these speeches would be of public benefit.

THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

A great throng of people filled Madison Square in New York from half-past four on Christmas Eve until late at night; a crowd that varied, it is estimated, from five to fifteen thousand people, melting away at the edges and filling up again from the side streets. All the city was there, every class in the community was represented; it was a veritable community Christmas celebration.

There was a fanfare of trumpets, then a solemn and noble rendering of "Holy Night" by the Oratorio Society. A child taken from the crowd pushed a button, and a star blazed from the top of the great Christmas tree, to be followed by myriads of other lights—red, green, blue, and white—until the tree was a glowing mass of colors, splendidly distinct against the darkness of the night. At half-past five the chimes of the Metropolitan tower ceased ringing, but for half an hour the Oratorio Society sang selections of old Christmas hymns, and a choir of Welsh male singers added their moving, characteristic rendering of Welsh songs. Meanwhile a hundred Boy Scouts were moving through the crowd, keeping the way open so that the singers might pass to the platform. There was no need of enforcing order; the star and the tree did that.

After a recess for dinner, or supper, as the case might be, a military band played patriotic and religious selections, there was a quartette of church soloists, and later a Negro chorus of a hundred voices singing the old-time plantation songs; and not until midnight, when the Metropolitan chimes sounded the last notes of "America," did the throng disperse and the lights go out.

Some people came in furs and in their automobiles, many by trolley and subway, more walked from a distance. Scattered through the crowd were hundreds of outcasts, and it was noticed that silver was passing from gloved hands to bare ones quietly through the crowd. It was the second municipal Christmas tree in New York.

IN ALL PLACES, FOR ALL PEOPLE

In many other communities Christmas trees were centers of happiness. A noble tree rose out of the pavement at the foot of the steps of the Capitol in Washington, with a glittering star at its apex. Those who saw it, with the great dome of the Capitol rising behind it and the wings flanking it, felt that it was a National tree and expressed a National spirit.

In Grant Park, in Chicago, thousands of people gathered, not only to look at the tree but to hear the full chorus of the Grand Opera Company and to listen to speeches by the Mayor and others. Cincinnati, with its musical traditions, listened to the chiming of bells and the fanfare of trumpets and to choruses by boys, and gathered round its glowing tree. In Detroit the tree stood on the City Hall lawn, gayly decorated with lights and toys, a luminous center of a vast crowd. Three hundred men and boys standing beneath the great tree in Cleveland sang choruses. Philadelphia opened a celebration which was to continue for a week, the Mayor touching the electric button which set the great community tree in Independence Square aglow. Boston repeated its municipal Christmas festivities of last year; and the glow of community trees warmed the hearts of thousands in communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And there were many forms of organized cheer in all parts of the country. A dingy basement on lower Broadway in New York was luminous on Christmas Eve with a concerted friendliness. As from a fountain, all sorts of good things were poured out to needy Italians who carried their baskets away with incoherent words of thanks and tears in their eyes; and not the least moving feature of the festivities was the fact that the King of Italy had given his patronage to the undertaking and had sent a personal word for all those who needed aid. The "Italian Journal," which was largely responsible for this happy friendliness, is to be commended for keeping it from publicity and any kind of advertising.

CHRISTMAS ON THE BILLBOARDS

A novel and very agreeable surprise was furnished in all parts of this country and Canada by the use of the billboards for Christmas purposes. A large and well-printed color picture of the Nativity stood out among all kinds of announcements of commodities. The picture was large enough to command attention; it was ten feet high and twice as long, and the shepherds and Magi

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and the Holy Family were represented in colors. Below were the words, "Ask your Sunday-school teacher to tell you the story."

The posters bearing this picture advertised nothing for sale; they announced the greatest gift in the history of the world. They were put in place by the action of the Poster Advertising Association, whose purpose, as interpreted by its president, is to give all children, and especially handicapped children, inspiring pictures to stimulate the best that is in them. The Association intends to go on with its beautiful work, the members meeting the expenses by personal contributions.

The Nativity poster was shown in every city in the United States and Canada which had a population of over three thousand. It is to be replaced later by a poster of President Grant, reproducing biographical scenes to illustrate the legend, "This is what one poor boy accomplished. How are you using your opportunities?" Advantage will be taken of Easter to reproduce another scene from the greatest story in the world.

THE CHRISTMAS MUSIC OF TWO TOWNS

The Outlook has reported the many ways in which the University of Wisconsin is serving the people of that State along practical lines. It has been glad to report also that this University does not divorce art from its service of the people, but is now undertaking what may be called a musical campaign throughout the State for the purpose of creating musical interest and developing musical taste among the people of all classes. Recently, under the direction of Professor Dykema of Wisconsin University, a Yuletide festival of song was rendered by the Madison Choral Union in the University Armory, with a chorus of two hundred voices and an orchestra of sixty. The programme represented an attempt to present the most important aspects of the Christmas message and the Christmas season. It began with "The Challenge of Thor," by Elgar, interpreting pagan force; then came the "Messiah," interpreting the Christmas spirit. Songs by Franz, Whiting, and Elgar followed; the evening ending with a selection of Christmas carols, the enthusiasm rising until it reached a climax in the rendering of "Holy Night." In the closing number, "A Carol for Christmas Day," the refrain was sung by the entire audience.

The city of Montclair, New Jersey, has always been a town of ideas, and last year revived the old-fashioned Christmas "waits." This year there were six bands, numbering nearly a hundred, singing the familiar Christmas hymns in the streets. They visited more than a hundred and fifty homes, and had a very good time in doing it. There was no noise, and great consideration was shown for homes in which there was sorrow, or age, or the shadow of death. But there was also a great deal of merriment. No refreshments were offered or accepted. This example is worth following.

THE LAUREATE'S CHRISTMAS SONG

The first official poem written by Robert Bridges, recently appointed Poet Laureate by George V, appeared in the London "Times" on Wednesday of last week. A timely reprint of Mr. Bridges's poetical works (Humphrey Milford, New York) has recently put in convenient form the poetry of the Poet Laureate, excluding his dramas. This volume is instinct with the classical spirit; its workmanship is delightful, and, if the note is not original, it is distinctive, and in that sense individual; and whatever may be the limitations of Mr. Bridges's interests, he is entirely free from the commonplaceness of his predecessor.

His first poem is a celebration, not of an incident of the State, but a Christian festival; and he uses the form adopted by his predecessor in 1340, the verse form of "The Vision of Piers Plowman." The "Times," in introducing the poem, recalls the fact that one of the most insignificant of the Laureate's predecessors, Nahum Tate, has survived and will long survive by virtue of one happy poem, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks." The Outlook reprints two verses of Mr. Bridges's "Christmas Eve:"

"A frosty Chrismas eve, when the stars were shining,
Fared I forth alone where westward falls the hill,
And from many a village in the water'd valley
Distant music reached me, peals of bells a-ringing;
The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor
As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.

"Then sped my thought to keep that first Christmas of all
When the shepherds watching by their folds ere the dawn

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Heard music in the fields and, marveling, could not tell
Whether it were angels or the bright stars singing."

PANIC AND DEATH

The night before Christmas a terrible disaster from panic took place in Red Jacket, Michigan. Seventy-two persons, the majority of whom were children, lost their lives in the Italian Union Hall, where, under the management of the Western Federation of Miners, a Christmas tree festival was being held for the benefit of the miners now on strike. Possibly a slight fire started in the tree. A cry of fire from a man in the audience set the excited crowd into a mad and fatal rush.

President Moyer, of the Federation, seems inclined to blame the enemies of the strikers for the disturbance which caused the panic. To make such a charge without strong proof is in itself atrocious, and unless evidence is produced Mr. Moyer incurs serious blame for his wild accusation.

The lesson of such disasters is that small halls of this kind are too often more dangerous than large audience-rooms. Constant inspection, rigid regulation, or a complete suppression of such halls is needed if such calamities are not to be of frequent occurrence. Unquestionably hundreds of just such dangerous places exist the country over.

THE COPPER STRIKE IN MICHIGAN

For several months an extended strike has been carried on by copper-mine workers in Michigan. It is now, according to a long and apparently fair-minded account in the Grand Rapids "Press," nearly at an end. The correspondent points out as a singular and paradoxical fact that while the strike was brought about by the Western Federation of Miners, which "inspired, directed, and financed" it, the result has been that, although the strikers have obtained a victory on most of their demands, the Western Federation has totally failed to secure the recognition which it was seeking.

The men, this account states, obtain in the partial settlements made an eight-hour day for surface as well as underground labor, have assured to them the right to present grievances, and to secure the dismissal of bosses against whom repeated charges of injustice are presented, and in other ways are protected. On the other hand, they have failed to have fixed the minimum wage at $3 per day for "trammers" and $3.50 for miners. They have failed also (and ought to fail) to compel the companies to put two men at work on a "one-man drill." This, as we understand it, is a new machine that with one man at work can get as good results as the old machine with two men. The men's demand, therefore, was something like that of some printers, when the linotype was introduced, that more men than were needed should be employed "for the good of the trade."

As to organization of the men into unions, the companies are bitterly opposed to the Western Federation, and it is said that public sentiment supports the companies. The companies blamed the Federation for all the excesses of the strike and for stirring up the troubles which resulted in violence, military rule, and bad feeling.

It is reported that out of the common sympathy for the victims of the Red Jacket disaster has grown an effort to mediate and settle the labor troubles still existing.

COMMERCE, INDUSTRY AND INVENTION

Trade, machinery, and invention are immensely human. Strip off statistics and technicalities, and these things tell the history of the rise of man. They are also capable of graphic illustration. Their history and evolution form one of the great chapters in the book of knowledge. It is a splendid and monumental undertaking, therefore, to present and preserve these records.

A plan has been formed for New York City to have a College of Commerce and a Museum of Commerce—the former not a technical school, but a school that comprehends what commerce has variously come to mean in this age; the latter not a museum which merely shows objects of barter, for barter is a small part of commerce nowadays, but a museum that takes note of inventing, making, improving, distributing the machinery and products of modern civilization, and negotiating the necessary financing, credit, and exchange for world-wide dealings. These are the objects of the projectors as we find them described in an article by Mr. Franklin Clarkin in the Boston "Transcript." The projectors include such men as George F. Kunz, Thomas A. Edison, Jacob H. Schiff, E. H. Gary, Admiral Peary, and others.

Their conviction, as stated by Mr. Clarkin,

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is that "there are passions for machinery as well as for paints and brushes and chisels; that if pretty pottery is a creative art, why is there no creative art in putting the breath of power and motion into metal and causing it to run or fly?" They ask:

If it is valuable to teach the beginnings of art, and the progress of art, by exhibited examples, why is it not valuable to teach the beginnings and progress of science and mechanical invention?

Is the advance from the daguerreotype to the moving-talking photograph less interesting than collections of carved sea-shells, ivories, peach-blow vases?

Is inlaid armor more interesting than a gun that shoots ten miles?

Is a diplodocus better worth spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to dig for than the perfection of the art of flying?

Is the discovery of coal, oil, radium, of no consequence beside the excavation of a mummy or a cuneiform inscription in Egypt?

It is hoped to secure a fine site on the Hudson River below Grant's Tomb, to secure large private contributions, and to obtain municipal support.

THE DEUTSCHES MUSEUM

Only one great museum of commerce exists in the United States—that at Philadelphia, which is doing good work, although in a necessarily limited way. But the world's model for this kind of exhibition is the Deutsches Museum at Munich. It is only nine years old, but it is a triumph of intelligence. It now occupies two separate large buildings in somewhat distant parts of Munich, but it has a new $2,500,000 building nearly complete, and even then it may be cramped for space. Every branch of science and invention is presented with German completeness.

Step by step one sees how the mechanic arts and the theoretic sciences grew. Often the original apparatus of early explorers or inventors is shown. But what humanizes and popularizes the whole is that the visitor's own eye and own hand are encouraged to work the models, use the microscopes, set the machines in motion. Thus he may demonstrate the X-ray for himself. He goes down into a miniature mine, sees how the iron ore is obtained, follows it through the processes of smelting, and so on until a finished locomotive stands before him. Constantly he is invited by notices in several languages to press an electric button or turn a crank and "look-see," as the boys say. Here, some one has said, the word is "Try it yourself," instead of "Hands off."

To go through the great section showing the development of the dwelling-places of man is alone an experience not to be forgotten easily. Everything is visual, graphic, simple. The ingenuity and clarity of the arrangement are truly wonderful To quote Mr. Clarkin once more:

Some of the rooms exhibit visually to the visitor the progress from windmills to the steam engine; from hand printing by monks in their monasteries to the linotype and swift Hoe press; from galleys to ocean greyhounds; locomotives from the one which couldn't go out in the rain to the latest Pacific mogul; flying-machines from the elemental wings of Lilienthal to the machines of Zeppelin and the Wrights; and so on.

In short, the Deutsches Museum is a marvelous history, told not in books or even pictures, but in solid material, sometimes in model or miniature, sometimes in full size—things that can be handled and often operated. It is one of the modern world's wonders.

If New York can do within its field what the Deutsches Museum is doing for Germany, it will achieve something of permanent value to civilization.

THE BARRÈRE ENSEMBLE

When chamber music is mentioned, most people, we imagine, think of either a string quartette or a song or piano recital. There is another form of chamber music, however, which has in it elements of popularity as great as either of the others—chamber music for wind instruments. There are chamber music organizations in this country which use wind instruments, notably the Longy organization and the Barrère Ensemble.

A recent concert in New York City by the Barrère Ensemble furnished a capital illustration of the popular character of this form of chamber music. There is a current impression that the best music, or even good music, can be enjoyed only by those who are connoisseurs. Nothing could be further from the truth. It has been proved time and time again that all sorts and conditions of people can be trusted to enjoy the best in music. In what is good, however, there is a difference between that which makes an immediate popular appeal and that which does not make an appeal so

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immediate. The programme of this concert was of the former kind.

It was not only the programme but the kind of instruments used in this concert that gave it the element of popularity. Four stringed instruments seem very much alike and give the impression of being monotonous until one realizes the wide scope of expression and tone color of the violin family. On the other hand, no one can help seeing that a flute is very different from a bassoon, and that a French horn does not in the least resemble either a clarinet or an oboe. And when the instruments are sounded they obviously differ from one another in tone. The pure and almost unfeeling tones of the flute are in as strong contrast as possible to the mellow, appealing, satisfying tones of the French horn; while both differ from the penetrating notes of either of the three reed instruments —the oboe, the clarinet, and the bassoon. Then there is the interest in distinguishing these various instruments as they play. We should not be surprised to learn that the great majority of regular attendants at orchestral concerts cannot distinguish between the oboe and the clarinet either in sound or appearance. In the intimate environment of a chamber music concert the contrast between these two instruments is at once seen and heard. So a chamber concert of wind instruments provides a very interesting method of becoming acquainted with some of the most important members of the orchestra.

A POPULAR PROGRAMME

Then in the case of this particular concert there was the programme. First there was a quintette by Henry Woollett. If one were to guess at the composer's nationality by looking at his name, the obvious guess would be—English. If one were to guess at it from his music as exemplified in this quintette, a perfectly natural and defensible guess would be that he was a German suffering from the influence of Richard Strauss. The fact is that he is a contemporary Frenchman. Just what he means by describing this quintette as being "on themes in a popular form" we do not know, but the themes themselves were of the sort that would make an instant popular appeal. Then came two pieces on the programme which anybody would admit were "classical"—a duet for clarinet and bassoon by Beethoven and a sonata for piano and flute by Haydn. A good many people who would consider their own taste cultivated would regard the Beethoven duet as rather dry, but it is not unlikely that this made as wide an appeal as anything on the programme. Probably the very simplicity of a piece by two wind instruments, each of which could play only one note at a time, accounted for a part of that general appeal. There was a piece on the programme which in paternity "was Dutch," but, unlike the cook in the "Capital Ship," did not "behave as such." It was a goblin dance (Ronde des Lutins) by Christiaan Kriens, which captivated the audience at once. Then there was a piece that ought to have appealed to every golfer. It was a walking tune by Percy Aldrich Grainger, a young Australian composer, who calls this "Room-music Titbits for Wind Five-some." It is that word "five-some" that catches the golfer's eye. Moreover, the composer says that he made this tune while walking in the Scottish Highlands. The theme reminds one of an Irish folk song, "The Moreen." It is plainly Celtic, anyway, and it is cleverly and pleasantly managed. Then at the end came the most interesting piece on the whole programme, a spontaneously written "Divertissement" by Albert Roussel for the wind quintette with piano. The assisting pianist in this case was Miss Carolyn Beebe, who played with skill and sympathy this modern French music which seemed to float in a dissolving cloud of tonalities.

There is no reason why the whole country should not be dotted with organizations such as the Barrère Ensemble—like it in character even if few could equal it or even approach it in musical skill. There are many communities, moreover, which could not afford to maintain an orchestra which could afford regularly to enjoy chamber music such as this.

JULES CLARETIE

Jules Claretie, who died in Paris on December 23, was sometimes called the prince of theater managers. For nearly thirty years, and until within a few weeks of his death, he was the director of the Comédie Française, Molière's playhouse; a position which he filled with credit to himself and benefit to his country.

Although a man of varied gifts and activities—he had been journalist, novelist, and dramatist, as well as theater manager—his permanent reputation is likely to rest to a large extent on his record in the last-named capacity. He was an Academi-

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cian, and took his seat in February, 1889; the address of welcome was made by Ernest Renan. He was also a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and had been the recipient of many other marks of distinction. Like his contemporaries among the "Immortals," Meilhac and Halévy, whom he so long survived, he was essentially a man of his time, in full sympathy with his surroundings and with the trend of the age; but, while he heeded the call of the modern spirit in his management of the famous State theater, he upheld its historical classical traditions as well.

He was a war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War, and during the Commune acted as staff officer in the National Guard. He was also the author of a number of novels and historical works, and of a "History of the French Revolution."

EMPEROR MENELIK II IS NOW DEAD

According to Shakespeare, the late Emperor could hardly have been called a brave man; for he "died many times before his death," which has now been announced from Adis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. If not "many times," at least several times in the past the press has reported his demise, only to deny the statement in the succeeding issue. The Outlook, in fact, first killed King Menelik by lightning as long ago as 1895. At a later date The Outlook was about to kill him again, but the denial of his death reached the office before the paper went to press, and the paragraph was "killed" instead. Apparently he is now officially dead.

The Emperor of Abyssinia was born in 1844. He claimed direct descent from Solomon and Queen Sheba, a claim neither easy to substantiate nor to disprove. Abyssinia, part of which was included in the Ethiopia of the ancients, has felt the influence and contains the elements of more than one civilization, not the least that of Judea; for during the Captivity many Jews settled here and brought with them a knowledge of their religion. Perhaps in this fact lies the germ of the tradition regarding the descent of Abyssinian royalty from Menelik, son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Together with Palestine, Egypt and Greece have likewise contributed to the complex ethnology and civilization of the present Abyssinia. The late Emperor Menelik was a son of the King of Shoa, a southern division of Abyssinia proper. He was picked out by his father as heir from a numerous male progeny, the sons of many mothers, not because of his age, but because of his likeness to his father. He succeeded King John of Abyssinia in 1889. He had no little aptness for mechanics, and was able to put in order, or even put together, a modern firearm or a watch. He was first brought emphatically to the attention of modern Europe by his crushing defeat of the Italians at Adowa, a defeat which Italy has not yet forgotten. Since 1910 his Empire has been under actual control of a Council of Regency, from which Menelik II was excluded.

King Menelik was a man of intelligence and of definite aspirations towards civilization, despite occasional relapses into cruelty and barbarism.

THE DATO CABINET

The most wide-awake among European monarchs at present seem to be the Kings of Italy and Spain. Both are noted for their constant personal attention to the doings of their Cabinets. The King of Spain, for instance, presides every Thursday at the Cabinet meeting. In the illustration on another page he is seen sitting at the end of the Cabinet table, with the new Prime Minister, Señor Dato, at his right hand. As may be seen in that picture, Eduardo Dato has a head which would have delighted Goya or any other Spanish painter of character.

The new Spanish Premier came into power in this wise: The murder of Premier Canalejas a year ago brought about the promotion of one of his Ministers, Count Romanones, to the Premiership. As in the case of the Barthou Cabinet in France the other day, so the Romanones Cabinet in Spain recently desired to record its success or failure in a vote of confidence, which was lost in the Senate of the Spanish Parliament by a vote of 106 to 103. A "rough-and-ready" Prime Minister would hardly have considered so slight an adverse vote a reason for resigning. Not so Count Romanones. He did resign, and was succeeded by Señor Dato. Count Romanones is a radical, Señor Dato a conservative. One might think that an immense abyss existed between the two men. But this is not the case, and, in consequence, no such great gulf as might be supposed yawns between the former and the present Spanish Cabinets. As a matter of fact, Count Romanones is a radical of a very reasonable sort, ready to

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walk with any man who will walk with him, and Señor Dato is a conservative of a similarly reasonable sort.

The Spaniards have a good name for the Dato type of conservative, and that is "Moderate." The new Premier is fifty-seven years old. He is best known not so much as ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies and as an authority on politics as he is as an authority on social questions. He is the author of the Workmen's Compensation Law and of the laws concerning the regulation of women's and children's work. He is also the founder of the Institute of Social Reforms. The real political and social designation of the new Premier is "progressive."

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

The Albright Gallery at Buffalo has already justified its existence. It is one of the most progressive of our galleries, not only in its own collections, but also in obtaining important loan collections. The latest exhibition there is that which has just been held of the works of Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor. We understand that New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis are to have a similar privilege. It is thus worth while to call attention to Meunier's work. It has never been shown here before publicly, although there are some pieces of it in private collections.

Meunier is a fit product of this industrial age. He comes from the most industrial country in Europe—Belgium. The sculptor's models were found in the Belgian factories and mines. He went into the pits and came out surcharged with the sensation of toil. This he has put into his sculpture. His figures remind one strongly of Millet's in painting. But Millet's toilers were in the broad fields. They were under the open sky. Meunier's are usually confined in narrow pits or within grimy factory walls. Two examples of his work appear in our picture section.

Meunier died in 1905. His had been a poor family. His father was a collector of taxes. After the death of the older Meunier the mother had to open a millinery shop and rent rooms. So the young Constantin knew what poverty meant. One feels the sculptor's subjective experience as well as his powers of observation in looking at works depicting all the Belgian industrial life of "Melting Steel," or "Smithery," or "Factory Work," or "Returning from the Pit," or, finally, his never finished "Monument to Labor." In our opinion, Meunier's achievement ranks only second to Rodin's in significance. Rodin began his breaking away from classic standards over a generation ago. Meunier followed him some dozen years later. Though this fact of divergence from hitherto accepted standards unites the two sculptors, their individual work shows the differentiation of one who believed in great variety and of one who believes in less variety. Thus Rodin is a safer model for many young sculptors than Meunier. A too slavish imitation of the latter might lead to more or less monotony. Rodin's work is entirely in the field of passion; that of Meunier entirely within the field of toil. Any comparison at once brings out these sharp contrasts.

QUICK-LUNCH CARS

One reason that traveling by railway in America is more expensive than it is abroad is that the bulk of the train-service in this country is conducted on the assumption that the traveling public is of one class so far as financial means are concerned. We have Pullman cars on which the wayfarer can get extra comforts for extra money, but there is no such gradation of fares as in the first, second, and third class carriages of European railways. When it comes to eating, the American in his own country must carry his lunch with him at considerable inconvenience or must depend upon the ordinary dining car, on which the scale of prices is higher than many can afford.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company has in operation a quick-lunch car designed to meet the needs of such of its patrons as like to eat quickly and cheaply. The inside view of the car is like that of an ordinary city quick-lunch, with a long mahogany counter running the length of the car, faced by swivel chairs to accommodate a score of diners. The important point is that the price scale is about the same as in the class of restaurants of the Childs or Exchange Buffet type—that is, reasonable enough to be within the range of most people who can afford to buy railway tickets. This car runs from San Francisco to Bakersfield, California, a local route with frequent stops, where it is particularly in demand owing to the fact that a large proportion of the passengers are traveling salesmen or other persons in a hurry who consider a dining car a place to eat in and not a place in which to kill time. The popularity that this innovation has received is reflected

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in the following verses, called "Quick Lunch on the Fly," by W. H. James, in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch:"

"When you're traveling to Los Banos, Dos Palos, or Gustine,
Or any of the stations that are strung along between,
You get a sandwich egg,
Or a storage chicken leg,
While you're speeding through the valley of the San Joaquin.

All aboard for Alameda, waiter, bring a ham-on-rye,
All out for Goshen Junction, how's the huckleberry pie?
You can have a roll or muffin,
Or a slice of veal with stuffin'
While the locomotive's puffin' through Madera on the fly.

Change cars for Sacramento, have some sugar in your tea:
Next stop is Modesto, cottage cheese and cream for three:
You can eat from Niles to Ceres,
At a pace that never wearies,
And a little coin will feed you from Fernando to the sea."

On the first of last month the Pennsylvania Railroad put on its service between New York and Philadelphia a lunch car very similar to that of the Southern Pacific. It seems to The Outlook unfortunate, however, that the Pennsylvania has not installed the same low-priced menu that the Southern road has adopted; in this luncheon car the same prices are charged as in the regular dining cars. It seems to The Outlook that this robs the lunch car of its chief point of value to the public. A picture of the interior of this car appears on another page.

Any institution that tends to reduce the cost of living is desirable in this age, and such is the low-priced quick-lunch car. There is no doubt that the installation of such cars would be greeted favorably everywhere by a large class of people who have to travel, but who shy at dining cars as beyond their means.

MINISTERS AND AGRICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

Between four and five hundred California ministers, representing all the sects in the State, were entertained from December 1 to December 5 by the University of California at its Farm School near the little town of Davis. The railways gave them free transportation and the University furnished them with free beds and meals. The meeting was called Ministers' Week, and its purpose was to make a closer connection between the organized work of the ministry and the organized work of the College of Agriculture for community welfare.

The initial idea of the meeting came from the Rev. F. I. Drexler, who had been brooding over the typical little white church of the country neighborhood, "standing on its hilltop in magnificent isolation from the every-day interests of its community," and who wrote to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler to ask if the University could not do more to help the social life of the rural districts and at the same time to help the church to realize itself as a social center. Dean Thomas Forsythe Hunt, of the University's College of Agriculture, was planning new departures in [redacted] work, and President Wheeler asked [redacted] onsult with Mr. Drexler.

A CLASS OF MINISTER-STUDENTS

As finally worked out, Ministers' Week was much such a conference as those recently held at Amherst and Cornell, an account of which appeared in The Outlook of August 30, though it was probably unique in the number of lectures devoted to technical agricultural problems. It amounted, in fact, to a brief continuation school, not in theology but in agriculture. All branches of rural sociology are taught in the modern agricultural college, and of course the clergymen gathered at the University of California Farm School in Davis were deeply interested in lectures on rural hygiene and sanitation, community work in country schools, and ornamentation of home and school grounds; but one of the surprises of the meeting was the zest with which these ministers attended demonstrations or lectures on judging beef, cattle, plant breeding, soil formation, poultry raising, irrigation, citriculture, plant diseases, the handling and storing of fruit, and other technical farm problems. Every one seemed to have taken to himself Mr. Drexler's brusque statement that "when a minister can talk to a man about that man's business without making a fool of himself, he gains that man's respect." Every talk was interrupted by keen questions from the crowd which gathered around the speakers at the close of each lecture. The evening meetings were devoted entirely to the country life movement in its social aspects. Three round-table discussions were devoted to the social activities of the rural church.

The University Farm at Davis is only one

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of the various units which make up the College of Agriculture; the Farm School itself is comparatively new and still a small institution. To make room for the ministers the boys in this school gave up their beds and slept in cots set up in the basements of the dormitories and in tents. Boys volunteered as extra waiters in the dining-room; boys lent baseball suits to the ministers when a preachers' nine was organized to play against the students. Good fellowship and gayety were everywhere, mingled with eagerness to get the most out of an unusual and unexpected opportunity.

Many of the ministers went home hoping to have [redacted] which had interested them most [redacted] their own communities. The majority seemed to have gained a more or less definite plan for broadening and vivifying the social organization around them. One man said that he had walked fifteen miles over a mountain to reach the railway, and might have to walk twenty miles back, as his wife would not know when to meet him with a horse; but the twenty miles would be lightly walked, for he was going home to start a farmers' club and some sort of civic league. Nearly every man took down a list of books and bulletins which would be useful reading in his community, and the spirit of the meeting was expressed by one minister who said, "Religion is relationship." Another said, "In the year 1913 science has discovered the church."

AN ACTORS' TRADE UNION

"The only classes of workers that haven't organized for self-protection long ago are actors and washerwomen, and now even we are beginning to get together," recently declared Mr. Francis Wilson, President of the Actors' Equity Association, in commenting upon the turn of a long downtrodden worm—the actor. In America, with the centralization of capital and the crystallization of class feeling have come strikes with increasing frequency in widely divergent trades and industries. We have had miners' strikes, textile workers' strikes, and strikes of railway men, of course, and more recently we have seen waiters and even barbers at war with their employers. But does any one remember a widespread strike of actors? Have the boards ever been empty while Roscius and his fellows fought for shorter hours and higher wages? Never, that we remember, and never will they be, we hope, for the play's the thing, and many would rather be obliged to eat from sideboards and do their own barbering than to miss their evening at the theater. Yet with the formation of the Actors' Equity Association for the protection of the members of the profession against theatrical managers an actors' strike becomes not an improbability.

The abuses which the Actors' Equity Association is fighting are many and long-standing, but their existence is due wholly to the passiveness and faint-heartedness of the actors themselves. An incapacity for co-operation seems to be one of the traits of the artistic temperament. At any rate, all past attempts of players on the legitimate stage to organize have failed. In view of this fact, the success of the present movement is all the more notable.

The Actors' Equity Association, founded for the protection of the rank and file of the profession by a number of actors whose reputation made them virtually independent of theatrical managers, has set out to combat, first of all, certain faults in the contract system. It has made the following concrete demands:

First, that transportation expenses to and from all points "on the road" and the city in which a company is organized be provided to all members of a company.

Second, that no actor shall be forced to give more than three weeks' rehearsals without compensation.

Third, that there shall be a two weeks' notice of dismissal.

Fourth, that there shall be extra pay for extra performances, and full salary for all weeks played.

Fifth, that actresses shall not be forced to bear the expenses of an unlimited stage wardrobe.

These provisions have already been the rule with some managers, including, it is said, Belasco, Ames, Frohman, Brooks, and Fiske, and several others have already agreed to grant the demands of the actors.

For the payment of slight dues legal protection and advice is assured to members of the Association, who already number more than a thousand. Unlimited funds are assured by the fact that at any time a production could be arranged with a cast of an all-around brilliancy never before equaled in the United States.

The Outlook believes in the right of all

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labor to organize; and even though the artist has certain rewards which the factory laborer, for instance, does not have, there is no reason why artists should not unite for common protection, if in so doing they do not degrade their calling. Certainly in the dramatic profession an organization that will not only shield its members from outside aggression but that will discipline them and build up an *esprit de corps* as well is needed. Incidentally, in working out their own salvation the players may bring about certain great benefits for the theater-going public.

AN ART GALLERY IN A SCHOOL

A municipal art gallery in a public school is a new thing, at least for New York City. The new Washington Irving High School, the plans of which provided for such a gallery, recently held its first loan exhibition. This school is situated in the vicinity of many large mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and invitations to the exhibition sent to these places were freely accepted; during the first week it is estimated that no fewer than twelve thousand visitors passed through the galleries. The traditional coldness of a large institution is delightfully absent from the Washington Irving art gallery; a huge fireplace with a cheerful blazing fire is the first thing to greet the visitor's eye on a winter day. The exhibition rooms are on the first floor; they open directly on the street: and they are so arranged that they can be kept open for visitors throughout the day without interfering with class-room work. An exhibition of the work of two rising young American artists, Mr. Hermann V. Murphy and Mr. Ettor Caser, filled the walls and aroused interested comment. This initial exhibition will be followed by two others already arranged; and it is hoped to secure the co-operation of the Metropolitan Museum and other great repositories of art in lending some of their unused treasures from time to time for the benefit of residents of downtown districts who find it difficult to visit the distant museums.

The Washington Irving school embodies in many respects the new idea that the school-house is to become the people's social, recreational, and intellectual center. It has a fine hall that seats nearly a thousand people; in this are given lectures, moving-picture entertainments, and concerts. It has a large assembly room in which dances, under careful chaperonage, are given once a week. There is also an employment bureau for the benefit of pupils who are leaving and who wish to obtain situations. Well-lighted rooms in which the work of pupils in the various departments is shown as a permanent exhibition are provided.

The opportunities offered for the advancement of art through wisely planned exhibitions in such a school may be realized when it is learned that this great educational building houses nearly seven thousand pupils and has a teaching staff of almost three hundred.

PRACTICAL CONSERVATION

We have heard the objection from many practical business men that the policy of the "conservation of National resources" has been advocated too much by theorists and visionaries. Too little account, they say, has been taken by the Government of the pressing daily material needs of the farmer, the miner, and the manufacturer, whose business, life, and welfare depend almost wholly upon the use of our natural resources. There is undoubtedly considerable ground for this objection. It must be remembered, however, that no practical application of any principle can be effectively made until the theory of that principle has been carefully and scientifically worked out. We could not have had the electric light in our homes and offices if the theorists had not first worked out the laws of electricity in their laboratories.

So the first task of the conservationist was to create and foster public opinion to believe in the theoretical principle that it is the business of the people, through the agency of Government, to protect their own welfare by stopping the waste and destruction of those natural resources which form the essential material basis of our social and National life.

The second task is the practical application of the principle, and the time has now come for taking hold of that task in earnest.

The Government officer upon whom devolves the greatest responsibility both for the theoretical statement and the practical application of the doctrine of the conservation of National resources is the Secretary of the Interior. It is fortunate for the country that the present Secretary, Franklin K. Lane, is pre-eminently a man who by education and experience understands both phases

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of the question. This is shown by his annual report, just published, which is so readable and understandable that any periodical of the day would have been fortunate if it could have printed it as a popular article.

Although Secretary Lane represents a change in political administration, he represents no reversal of the general policy which has been developing for the past ten years in this country.

Mr. Lane was an accomplished journalist on the Pacific coast before he became a lawyer, was a successful lawyer before he became Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and from that Commission was promoted to his present office. He therefore has the legal mind for the apprehension of a principle, the journalist's ability to state a principle so that the layman can understand it, the Westerner's knowledge of what National resources mean to National prosperity, and the railway man's comprehension of the problems of production and transportation.

The text of his report is that the West is now reconciled to the change in attitude of the Government toward the public lands and the wealth that those lands contain. The West, he says, no longer asks that the Government shall give away the land and its wealth to the private individual. "It is reconciled to the Government making all proper safeguards against all monopoly. . . . But it asks that the machinery be promptly established in law by which the land may be used. And this demand is reasonable."

Having announced his text, Mr. Lane proceeds to make a practical application of it. The four main heads of the application are coal lands, oil lands, water power sites, and Alaska. To all these sources of natural wealth he would apply the leasing and royalty system. He advocates using coal; he utters a warning against hoarding it under the "fear that some day the coal supply may be exhausted." For "the wheels of industry will not cease nor our houses go unlighted and unheated so long as dams may be built upon our streams."

We have tried two plans of dealing with coal lands, both of which have been unsatisfactory. The first was to give away public lands without consideration of the contents of those lands; the second is to sell the land at a price based on a scientific estimate of contents. The first has led to coal monopoly by private interests; the second has led to the purchase of coal land by private owners who hold it undeveloped for future increase in value. In the Secretary's opinion, the proper solution of the problem is to have the Government lease the coal lands to private operators for a fixed term of years at a modest royalty, the terms of the lease reserving to the Government some measure of control over operation. He recommends that only a limited tract of coal land should be leased to each operator.

He applies the same principle to oil lands. He would license the private prospector to search for oil on exclusive tracts for fixed periods, perhaps two years, and if oil is discovered he would permit the prospector to market it on a royalty paid to the Government. He refers to the great advance in oil-burning and gasoline-burning engines on both land and sea as an illustration of the need, on the one hand, of thwarting monopoly, and, on the other, of promoting production. The lease-and-royalty system would accomplish both these ends.

How to deal with water power sites is, the Secretary admits, one of the most perplexing problems that confronts his department, but the principle which he applies to the problem is clear. Do not permit private power companies, which already hold the most accessible power sites in the country, to obtain a monopolistic control of the remainder; and at the same time do not assume so forbidding an attitude towards private enterprise and private capital that there shall not be a further and rapid development of our water powers for making electricity. Mr. Lane's solution is to lease water power sites for a term of years at a merely nominal rental; to give the private company practically the entire proceeds of the plant, subject to a State regulation as to prices of the electric current; but to agree in the lease that the reservoirs, dams, water rights, and rights of way shall revert to the Government at the end of fifty or sixty years, or that the Government may buy the complete plant at an appraised price at any time after twenty years.

We have left to the last the most important application which Secretary Lane makes of his theory of Government regulation of National resources—namely, his proposal as to Alaska.

Alaska is, to use Secretary Lane's words, "the largest body of unused and neglected land in the United States." Its actual

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riches in fisheries and its potential riches in agriculture have already been proved. How rich it is in gold, copper, coal, oil, iron, and zinc no one knows. All we know is that it is richer in mineral promise than any other section of the United States. The Government fortunately, and commendably, has taken steps to prevent the exploitation of these great riches for the benefit of the privileged few, but it has done little to provide for their productive development for the benefit of the many.

How can exploitation be prevented and development be promoted at the same time?

Secretary Lane would have a board of directors or a commission created by Congress, the members to be appointed by the President. "Into the hands of this board or commission," he says, "I would give all the National assets in that Territory to be used primarily for her improvement. . . . Congress should determine in broad outline the policy which this board in a liberal discretion should elaborate and administer, much as is done in the Philippines."

There are, however, two things which should be done at once in Alaska, without waiting for the creation of an Alaskan commission. First, the Federal Government should undertake the construction and operation of a system of trunk line railroads in Alaska; and, second, the rich Alaskan coalfields should at once be opened to private development and operation under the leasing system.

We have here endeavored to give merely an outline of a report of twenty-six pages which the Secretary says is in itself the merest outline of the work and hopes of his department. Every man interested directly or indirectly in the greatest economic problem in this country to-day—the problem of the readjustment of the relation between Government and business—should read this report. As we said in the beginning, it is as interesting as a magazine article. It does not mention the "New Freedom," but it embodies the only principle upon which the "New Freedom" can be established.

We cannot have industrial freedom if the Government endeavors to lash and enslave private initiative, private enterprise, private efficiency, and private profit wherever they show themselves.

Real industrial freedom and prosperity can come only from individual and private energy so regulated by Government supervision that it shall be for the advantage not of one individual or of a group of individuals, but of *all the individuals*—that is to say, the Nation.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

In your remarks in The Outlook of October 25 last you said much that was deeply interesting but painful and distracting. "From a child I have known the Scriptures," and it is very clear to my mind that our Saviour taught us to look upon God as our Heavenly Father in whose house are "many mansions," who so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son into the world to bring us into everlasting life. Those who have known the tender love of an earthly father can let the imagination (by which we take hold of things unseen) mount heavenward until we can conceive the presence of our Father in heaven, who made man in his own image, and of whom Stephen said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Our Saviour said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," but how can they if there is no "beatific vision"?

How can we love God with all our heart, as we are told to do, if, instead of God the Father, to whom Christ taught his disciples to pray, and who said, "This is my beloved Son," there is only in his place a glorified mist filling the universe, and from which come emanations of strength and purity and goodness and other wonderful attributes of which all mankind may feel the influence?

When, instead of our Heavenly Father, who has been our strength and support in hours of anguish, we have only a "Universal Presence" given us, we can exclaim, as did the women at the sepulcher, "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him!"

I know I am talking on great mysteries, which faith alone can reveal to us, but think how wonderful and comprehensible are the revelations of science in these days, so we can easily believe that God can be in "heaven his dwelling place" and in touch with all his creation at the same time.

Your desire for a definite image of God is almost universal, and it has led men in all ages and nations to form images to serve as symbols or interpreters of the Deity, to which they have often transferred their reverence and paid their worship. It is true that we cannot worship a "glorified mist." This would be simply to substitute for a definite image one that is indefinite; it would be to substitute one idol for another idol.

The Bible tells us where we are to look for an image of God and what kind of image we are to look for. In the declaration that God made man in his own image it declares that in

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man we are to look for our image of God. It is to be a spiritual, not a material, image; an experience, not a figure. The command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth," is as comprehensive a prohibition of any visible image as an object of worship or a symbol to aid in worship as can be well conceived.

This truth that the highest experiences of the soul are the interpreters to us of God was implicitly taught by the Jewish Temple. In the pagan temples was a Holy of Holies which generally contained some image of the deity. In the Jewish Holy of Holies were the Ten Commandments and the Mercy Seat. The one bade men find God interpreted to them by their own conscience, telling them of duty, the other by their own affections calling them to pity the unfortunate and to forgive the erring and the sinful. Thus the Temple was ever saying to the worshiper, Look within for the image of God. In thyself he speaks to thee. Thy better self is his image.

The Hebrew poets repeated this lesson. Their images of God were taken chiefly from human experience:

The Lord is king for ever and ever.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Jesus Christ did not originate the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. He found it in the Old Testament, and interpreted and applied it. The great difference between Jesus Christ and the Old Testament prophets was not in his teaching; it was in his life. What they *taught* he *did*. The Psalmist said of Jehovah, "Who forgiveth all thy sins; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." These words, which are an interpretation of Jehovah, might well serve as a condensed biography of Jesus. He forgave sins, healed disease, redeemed souls from self-destruction, his loving-kindness and tender mercies were to his disciples the coronation of their lives, and their old age was filled with higher hope for the before-dreaded future than are the hopes of eager, anticipating youth.

While he lived with them they thought of him at first as a great teacher, then as a great prophet, then as the promised Messiah. But after their skepticism had been vanquished by repeated evidences and they were brought to believe that he had risen from the dead, their point of view gradually changed. They found in him a new interpretation of Old Testament teaching. They remembered that they had been taught that in man we are to look for the image of God, and in this man they found that image as in no man that history had ever known. Their faith is thus summed up by one of their number, the one who knew Jesus Christ the most intimately and understood him the best —the Beloved Disciple: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us)." They never thought that their eyes had seen God and their hands had handled God; they never denied and never doubted Jesus' declaration that "God is spirit"—and spirit cannot be seen or handled. But they did believe, and their whole message to the world was founded on that belief, that the Spirit who fills all time and all space with his presence had a unique and supreme manifestation in the human life of him whom they called the Son of God, the image of God, and God manifest in the flesh.

The life of Christ is not a historical episode, ended at the crucifixion. The doctrine of the Incarnation is not the doctrine that the eternal life dwelt in one man nineteen centuries ago and then left the world to return no more. The doctrine of the Incarnation is that God dwells among men. The life of Christ is the revelation of the perpetual life of One who is still on the earth, forgiving, healing, redeeming, crowning, life-giving.

> "The healing of his seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain;
> We touch him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again."

We are not shut up to the alternative of either worshiping a "glorified mist" or forming an image of God of gold or silver

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or stone graven by art and man's device; or an ethereal image more cunningly devised by the subtler art of an unsensuous imagination. He has given us the image of himself and of what he is doing in the world by the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth. Through him, not through a picture of our imagination, we have access to the Father.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND THE MEASURE OF POETIC WORTH

Not for some years have we seen the simultaneous publication of the complete works and the definitive biography of so important a poet as Francis Thompson. Inevitably many critics have felt (and yielded to) the temptation to find the particular place to which this remarkable man belongs in the hierarchy of English letters. The attempt has not been more unsuccessful than might have been expected. Poets are not made for card catalogues, though doubtless critics will never give over their Procrustean habits for any such reason of fact. We will not quarrel with Mr. Arnold Bennett for declaring that Francis Thompson "has a richer natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare," nor shall we quarrel even with those who declare that the bulk of his poetry is but "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Somewhere between these extremes lies the truth, not to be determined by the pragmatic sanction of any group of men or any one age.

What, after all, is then the supreme test of poetry? On what basis do we consciously or unconsciously elect our poets to seats upon the heights of Parnassus or condemn them to linger, like Barrie's Sentimental Tommy, as dim shades without the gate? What is a major or what is a minor poet? Is there no better method of determining this than the mechanical formula most critics apparently employ, of $\frac{M+B^2}{T\,C^3}$: M standing for the merit of a poet's best work, B for the bulk of his writing, and T C for the time in which a particular critic happens to live?

Poets may be compared to builders of windows. No matter how cunningly they use the materials at their disposal, nor how wisely their creations are proportioned, it is a light beyond their control which gives to their work both life and beauty. Poets there have been, and are still to be, whose skill and technique, closely viewed by the age to which they belong, seem to entitle them to a place with the great names of literature, yet with the receding years they become not even a stimulating memory. In the Cathedral at Chartres are perhaps the most beautiful stained-glass windows in the world. Seen at night, they are as cold as the ashes on an abandoned hearth. The symmetry of form, the excellence of design, the evidences of masterly workmanship, are all there—visible to the student of ancient glass—yet without the fire of the sun these windows are as lifeless as the dead sand and silent metal from which they were fashioned long centuries ago. With the light of morning what a change! Seen under the magic of the day they are like living prayers, harmonies of red and blue, as ageless as the faith which gave them birth.

The spiritual strength and character of the poet are to his work what the sunlight is to these ancient windows in the Cathedral of Chartres. "The devil," wrote Francis Thompson, "can do many things, but the devil cannot write poetry." To believe "that a truly corrupt spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry," he says again, "would be the consecration of a lie." The true greatness of any poet is to be determined not by the brilliancy of his intellect, but by the reality of his insight into life. It is the gift of sudden vision which lifts the verses of many minor craftsmen to the heights, it is this lack of vision which condemns their stronger brothers to an ultimate oblivion, bewilderingly incomprehensible to the critic who regards achievement in poetry as the product merely of supreme endeavor.

Judged by such a standard, it is at least safe to call Francis Thompson a true prince of song. With an incapacity for life amounting almost to genius, he nevertheless wrought from the shattered fragments of his strange existence transcendent ecstasies that will undeniably win for his fame the double crown of seer and poet. What his life was can be judged by his own verse and exquisite prose almost as completely as from Mr. Everard Meynell's satisfying and exhaustive biography. Yet there have been critics to call this mystic and dreamer a poet of sin. Francis Thompson is not even a poet of repentance. With a mind almost virginal in its spiritual innocence, he suffered silently and proudly the slings and arrows of that strange fortune he had

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neither strength nor willingness to resist. Francis Thompson was not a poet of sin, but of suffering. He was, to quote his own description of the unhappy Mangan, an "outcast from home, health, and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment, and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land cursed against the dews of love, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood."

This was the price that Francis Thompson paid for his visions. Who is there to say that it was too great? Even though the aloofness of his spirit and the intensity of his feeling oftentimes served to hide the reality of this vision in a cloud of exotic phrases and difficult and baffling rhythms, the experience which awaits each new and understanding reader of Thompson is one that can justly be entitled a revelation.

CENTRAL AMERICA IN GENERAL AND NICARAGUA IN PARTICULAR

A REVIEW

WHAT the United States has been doing in Nicaragua is just what any man ought to do for a neighbor who is in trouble and needs help. It is a comparatively simple matter—even if it is not always easy—for one man to help another man. It is often a complicated matter for one nation to help another nation. In the case of Nicaragua, for example, it has meant the landing of marines and the negotiation of a treaty, but, after all, it has just been a case of neighborliness.

To offer assistance to a neighbor is sometimes risky. The offer may be misunderstood or misinterpreted. It may be made to seem like an attempt of the rich and powerful to take advantage of the neighbor in his need. This is especially so when the offer comes from a rich and powerful nation. In this instance, however, there is no such risk: for it was not the United States that offered help, but Nicaragua that asked help. Under such circumstances it is not worth while to argue with those who suspect the motives and purposes of the United States. It is morally certain that, in spite of criticisms of suspicious people, the United States will continue to do its best to fulfill its obligations as a neighbor.

Nicaragua is one of the group of small republics to the south of us that have always been more or less in trouble. They constitute what is known as Central America. This group used to consist of five states: Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica. It now consists of six. Panama has been added.

AREA AND POPULATION

Nicaragua is in the center of Central America. In area it is the largest of the group. Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua are nearly equal in size. Guatemala is the northernmost. It is about the size of New York State, and has a population of nearly 2,000,000. Then come Honduras and Salvador. Honduras is slightly less than New York State in area, but its population hardly equals a quarter that of Guatemala. Salvador, though the smallest of the Central American states, being a little larger than New Jersey, has the next largest population after Guatemala. Then, proceeding southward, comes Nicaragua, slightly larger than New York State, but with a population of only about 600,000, the least in density of all the Central American states. Next comes Costa Rica, about the size of West Virginia, and with a population of about 400,000. Finally comes Panama, about the size of South Carolina and with less than 400,000 population, excluding the population of the Canal Zone, which at present is something like 65,000.

All these states, save Salvador, extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

NATURAL RESOURCES

The natural resources of the Central American states are supposed to be as rich as any on earth. Costa Rica is the best example of these states, whether in industries or government. The Costa Rican population presents a case of quality *versus* quantity, compared with that of its next-door neighbor to the north, Nicaragua. Land of equal

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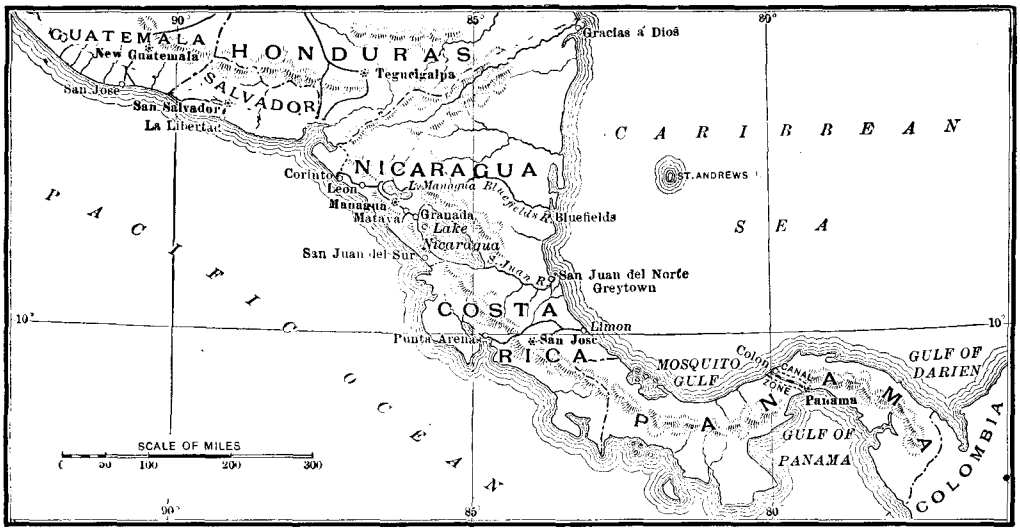

CENTRAL AMERICA

Nicaragua, as the map shows, is the central state of the six Central American states. Fonseca Bay, to which reference is made in this article, is on the Pacific coast between Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador

fertility on the Costa Rican side of the San Juan River, which divides the two countries, sells for five times as much as on the Nicaraguan side. The reason for this is not that Costa Rica is richer than Nicaragua, but that it has a larger number of "good citizens," and has consequently enjoyed a better government. If all the governments of the Central American republics were as good as that in Costa Rica, there would be an equal material as well as moral development. Indeed, with a proper rivalry in such good governments the development of both material and moral resources might be as rapid as any ever known.

The development of the Central American natural resources is now, however, to be materially assisted by an outside agency, that is, by foreign-owned railways, which, when completed, will unite by connecting branches every Central American country and extend up through Mexico to the United States. The railways will not only develop Central America industrially, but will also serve to bring about better relations among the republics themselves. Within a short time, so it is prophesied, a man may take a train from New York City to any prominent point in the Central American republics and arrive at his destination within seven days.

REVOLUTIONS

Almost constant warfare has existed in Central America. The republics have been footballs of contending elements of personal ambition and political unrest. Their warfare is of two kinds: that within the borders of the individual states and that between any two states.

The first kind is distinguished beyond similar kinds elsewhere because of the fact that, in general, it has had little cause for being. In every Central American state some party has always existed ready for armed revolt, no matter whether there was a wrong to be righted or not, but simply to capture the Government.

The second kind of warfare, that between any two states, has been largely due to the fact that there are so many political divisions in Central America. Hence it has been supposed that, if the whole region were to be united in one state, those wars would be eliminated and any revolutions within the new state more easily put down. Certainly such a state would form a republic of sufficiently impressive size—its total area being between that of California and Texas, and its total population between that of Illinois and Pennsylvania.

But union would not do away with chronic revolution, even though it might help in suppressing it. Perhaps a peace pact among the Central American states, with countenance of the United States and Mexico, would help. It has helped in one instance. In 1907 we initiated and accomplished such a pact, known as the Treaty of Washington,

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agreed to by all the Central American republics and Mexico.

Something more than this, however, is needed by the weaker Latin-American states —the good offices of the United States; for the urgent necessity for the Central American peoples, whether united in one state or split up in several states, is stability. A few states seem unable to stand alone. Stability is noticeable by its absence. This is particularly true of Nicaragua, where revolution has been more chronic and more incorrigible than in any other land. Events have shown that in Nicaragua stability can be brought about only by outside help. This help the United States has rendered by putting its bigness and strength at the service of this small and weak neighbor.

NICARAGUAN RISINGS

Three years ago Nicaragua was freed from the worst tyranny it had known—that of President Zelaya. But the relief lasted only a year and a half. It was then menaced by a revolution led by Luis Mena, Secretary of War, who aspired to the Presidency. This revolt was also fomented by notorious professional revolutionists of other parts of Central America, who did their utmost to conquer the country in order to plunder it.

The Mena revolution became the most alarming Nicaragua had known. It not only imperiled the lives of all Nicaraguans, it also endangered the lives and property of our own citizens in Nicaragua. The American Minister at Managua, the capital, called upon the Nicaraguan Government to protect American lives and property. The Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that Nicaraguan troops were all engaged in putting down the rebellion, and added: "In consequence my Government desires that the Government of the United States guarantee *with its forces* security for the property of American citizens in Nicaragua, and that they extend this protection to all the inhabitants of the Republic."

This was a large order! But, in the words of President Taft's Message to Congress a year ago, the Nicaraguan Government, "having admitted its inability to protect American life and property against acts of sheer lawlessness on the part of the malcontents, and having requested this Government to assume that office, it became necessary to land over two thousand marines and bluejackets in Nicaragua." These kept the lines of communication open on the American owned and operated railway, nearly a hundred and seventy miles long, connecting Corinto, on the Pacific coast, with the important interior towns of Managua, Leon, and Granada.

But this was not all. Our marines even fed the people in many towns, for, by orders from Washington, all persons in need of food and clothing were to be provided for out of the marine stores. Never, so far as we know, has a strong government so well acted the part of a Big Brother to a weak government.

When peace and order were restored, most of the troops were withdrawn, but it was seen that the apparent restoration of peace would soon be endangered if all our forces left the country. This was shown when a minor revolt occurred last March, and also when, in April, President Wilson ordered the release of General Mena, who had been held in the Panama Canal Zone. The return of that revolutionary leader caused instant unrest and the well-grounded fear of another revolution. Indeed, in May martial law was proclaimed in the Republic, and a company of our marines that had been stationed at San Juan since the revolution of 1912 was called upon to exercise extraordinary vigilance to prevent disorder. It is the unanimous opinion of all foreigners and many Nicaraguans that the country would again have been plunged into war but for the presence of American troops.

Moreover, the Nicaraguans have learned during the months when our marines were in Nicaragua what might be expected in the way of order, happiness, and prosperity under a better rule. As a prominent Nicaraguan said, "The American occupation has been a great blessing. It has shown the people what could be done if law, order, and decency were established here."

A NEW NICARAGUAN TREATY PROPOSED

Hence the Nicaraguan Government proposed a new treaty with the United States which should give us the right to exercise greater power in that country—indeed, it proposed to incorporate for Nicaragua the language of the Platt Amendment in regard to Cuba, adopted in 1901. A treaty drawn on these lines was duly put before the United States Senate. It provides:

(1) That Nicaragua shall declare war only with the consent of the United States;

(2) That no treaties shall be made with

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foreign governments tending to destroy Nicaraguan independence or to give foreign countries footholds on Nicaraguan soil;

(3) That no public debt shall be contracted beyond Nicaragua's ordinary revenue;

(4) That the United States Government may intervene (*a*) to protect Nicaraguan independence, (*b*) to help carry out the financial obligations of Nicaragua to the extent of supervising the collection of revenues and the disbursement of $3,000,000 which would be paid by the United States Government for an exclusive canal right-of-way across Nicaragua with a ninety-nine-year lease of a naval base in the Bay of Fonseca, and also of the Great Corn and Little Corn Islands in the Caribbean Sea.

Such a policy as above outlined was immediately criticised with some amusement by those who declare it strangely undemocratic and "very jingo." As a matter of fact, it is only a strong pronouncement of the President's attitude as to the maintenance of independence and stability of government in Latin America.

In the first place, there is found a benefit to ourselves as well as to Nicaragua in the fact that, just as in a similar provision with regard to Cuba, we put into definite terms the recognized principle of the Monroe Doctrine, prohibiting foreign nations from securing footholds on the American continent.

A second benefit would accrue from our right of intervention. The history of Cuba during the past dozen years under the Platt Amendment shows that the acknowledgment of this right exercises an influence to prevent the development of a situation calling for intervention. For whenever disorder has been threatened in Cuba a note from our Government, delivered as soon as the situation appeared alarming, has certainly in recent years been sufficient to restore calm. As in the case of Cuba, so in the case of Nicaragua, the possibility of invoking intervention may suffice to prevent hotheads from upsetting law and order; it should also be in Nicaragua, as in Cuba, a satisfaction both to the business interests involved and to all peace-loving and law-abiding people.

Still another benefit would lie in preventing revolution, not only in Nicaragua, but also in the neighboring states of Honduras and Salvador, because of the proposed establishment of a naval base for us in the Gulf of Fonseca. The waters of this gulf wash the shores of Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador, and in every one of the revolutions either in or among those republics the waters of the gulf have carried many a filibustering or revolutionary expedition. Thus our control of the gulf should bring about an international as well as national benefit.

NICARAGUAN FINANCE

A fourth benefit under the proposed treaty is assured in the clauses by which Nicaragua binds herself not to assume any public debt in the discharge of which her ordinary revenues should be inadequate.

Her finances themselves have long needed reorganization. As in the similar case of Santo Domingo, Nicaragua is deeply in debt. Her customs have been inadequately and dishonestly collected. Foreign creditors have long been pressing because there have not been enough funds wherewith to pay the interest on the debts. During the Taft Administration a treaty was proposed by which the United States Government should, as in the case of Santo Domingo, take the collecting of customs from local control (thus removing one of the chief incentives to revolution), and should itself supervise the collection of customs, so that foreign creditors might feel a security of payment of interest on their loans, and also so that the Nicaraguan Republic itself might be freed from any apprehension of intervention by creditor nations. On its part the Nicaraguan Government agreed not to alter the import or export duties during the existence of the loans. The Outlook approved this treaty and asked those who objected to it whether they were really acting progressively. But the treaty did not pass the Senate.

Foreseeing failure in the effort to have this country take charge of its custom-houses, Nicaragua voluntarily placed its custom-house administration in the hands of an American. This was nearly two years ago. The American was Colonel Clifford D. Ham, formerly of the Philippine Revenue Service. He was recommended by ex-President Taft. Colonel Ham has, without any change in the rates of duty, more than doubled the receipts —exactly the record made by our administration of the customs in Santo Domingo by the agent appointed under the Roosevelt Administration.

Moreover, the cost of collecting the import duties—the chief source of Nicaraguan revenue—has been as much as one-third of the amount annually collected! During the past two years, however, it has been reduced to

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about one-twentieth of the amount collected. Such a fact is eloquent of what good government can do. Furthermore, the physical condition of some of the Nicaraguan industries has been startlingly changed. Deficiencies have given place to dividends.

The Nicaraguan Government has now obtained from Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. and Messrs. J. & W. Seligman & Co., bankers of New York City, a loan at six per cent, the loan to be secured by a lien on the customs, subject only to existing liens.

Moreover, these bankers have bought fifty-one per cent of the stock of the National Bank of Nicaragua and a similar amount of the stock of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua. The Bank has its head office at Managua, the capital, with branches at Bluefields, on the Atlantic, and Granada and Leon, important cities. The bank is the depository of the Government, and its issue department issues bank notes on the Government's behalf. Two members of its Board are nominated by the Nicaraguan Minister of Finance, and the American Secretary of State has the privilege of appointing one.

The currency system of Nicaragua has long been in chaos, but with the operation of the Bank of Nicaragua the currency has been put on a gold basis.

To maintain the gold standard an exchange fund is kept. To insure the permanent maintenance of this fund it is provided that whenever it is depleted below a certain point one-fourth of the customs revenue is to be applied to it month by month until it is again replenished. Each time this process becomes effective it will by so much permanently strengthen the fund. The plan of monetary reform was largely the work of the well-known expert Mr. Charles A. Conant, of New York. The proceeds arising from the sale of the bank and railway stock and the treasury bills issued by reason of the American loan have been applied to strengthening the currency fund.

Thus, with the credit facilities afforded by the National Bank, and the currency, which underlies credit, established on a firm basis, the most serious evils in the finances both of the Government and of the country have been remedied.

Should our Senate ratify the pending treaty with Nicaragua, the proposed payment of $3,000,000, as provided in that treaty, would put the Nicaraguan Government in a position where it could liquidate the greater part of its local debts and claims and pay a steady and assured interest on its foreign debts.

As an indication of the opposition among some of the people of Salvador to any such treaty as that now proposed with Nicaragua, we may state that The Outlook has received what appears to be a circular letter from Federico Cenado "in behalf of the Salvadorian Committee of the National Central American Association." In this letter the writer asserts that the treaty is iniquitous, and that "the people of Nicaragua and of whole Central America are solidly opposed," and charges that the loans made by American banks are "nothing more than the mere turning over to the Nicaraguan Government of the moneys previously collected in the Nicaraguan custom-houses, for which a rate of six per cent per annum is charged by the lenders of the loan."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The subject of the foreign debts of Latin-American states has to do with the Monroe Doctrine. If we are going to maintain that Doctrine—as we always have done and as we always shall do—we must see that financial order is also maintained in the Latin-American states. We say in the Monroe Doctrine that European powers must not colonize or take land on the American continent. We cannot take this position unless we are prepared also to say to them that we will see that the rights of their citizens or subjects are protected in the countries affected by the Monroe Doctrine. In other words, we cannot sustain that Doctrine and play the part of the dog in the manger. We must maintain the independence and stability of government in the American republics.

Yet only recently, in contrast with the comment of other papers, the London "Standard" declared that the Monroe Doctrine was being elaborated into a "device" by which foreign financial and commercial enterprise in Central and South American countries may be attacked, and that "this latest development of the American policy as announced does not harmonize with the principle of equality of commercial opportunity." This was in rejoinder to a speech the night before by our Ambassador to England, Mr. Page, who has said: "No sort of financial control can, with the consent of the United States, be obtained over those weaker nations which would, in effect, control their government." There was in this no threat to English or

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any other foreign investments in Latin-American countries. Mr. Page simply paraphrased President Wilson's statement in his recent address at Mobile when he declared that government in Latin America by concessionaires would be looked upon unfavorably by the United States, intimating that adventurers who fought their way to temporary power in Latin-American republics solely to get a chance to loot government finances would not be recognized by this country.

This is a very different thing from what is supposed by the London "Standard." Financial scheming by foreign concessionaires has been at the bottom of many a Latin-American revolution, and has in some cases led to the capture of the executive power and the subservience of both the legislature and the judiciary. But to-day there are thousands of foreigners at work in Latin America, representing legitimate investments of millions of money, who are not interfering in the least with the governments of the various countries where they live and in which they are interested.

All America should, and does, welcome such workers and such investigations. They do not interfere with the Monroe Doctrine. Nor does our placing of one of the weakest states, like Nicaragua, on a proper financial basis interfere with that Doctrine; it strengthens it, for it assures to the particular state, to ourselves, and to all foreigners that which every right-thinking man should want to see—the administrative, commercial, and territorial independence and stability of the particular state. To maintain the Monroe Doctrine we must see that order is kept in the Latin-American republics, so that their interests, our interests, and the interests of other countries there may be protected.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN PROTECTORATE?

Certain newspapers have jumped at the conclusion that our Government intends to force a protectorate on all Central American countries. This has been denied, first, by the Government itself. It declares that no treaties similar to the proposed Nicaraguan treaty are under consideration or have ever been suggested in connection with any other Central American country. The newspaper assumption has also been repudiated by the Ministers at Washington of those countries supposed to be next to Nicaragua in our proposed "absorption"—namely, Honduras and Salvador. The Ministers deny that the State Department has ever placed this idea before them.

In President Wilson's Mobile address he took pains to say what every American echoes—that we have no wish to gain an additional foot of territory. In trying to help our weak neighbors we have no thought of territorial gain. Material gain will, it is true, accrue both to them and to us if our help is efficient, but the gain to us is entirely incidental, and has nothing to do with territory.

Nor do we wish, without increasing any territory, to govern other peoples. We have enough problems of that sort on our hands now without getting any more.

There is a far higher and finer help to be given by us than any help connected with land covetousness or political ambition. That help, in the case of Nicaragua, has already been given. It is a strictly moral help. It is that of the big neighbor state, which would help the small neighbor state to secure *for itself* a strong government and hence justice, which would help the small neighbor state to secure for itself a democratic government and hence liberty.

"STRONG DEEDS DEVISE"

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

Within be harvested the old year's care!
The bound-up sheaves of golden wisdom bear
In the calm mind; yet let the brave heart spare
No ventures bold the bright new year should dare.

So, from the garnered life, serene and wise,
Yet childlike-buoyant for fresh enterprise,
To meet good luck the will shall ably rise,
And old years mixed with new, strong deeds devise.

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THE SOUTHERN COLORADO COAL STRIKE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The great strike that has been going on for more than three months between coal-mine owners and workers in Colorado bears many resemblances to the recent strikes in the mining regions of West Virginia. A newspaper account states that 14,000 union men are on strike. The district is under martial law, with 1,200 State troops on guard. The mines are being worked by non-union men. How high the feeling runs is shown by the fact that at a State conference of the Federation of Labor a movement was started to get the necessary 65,000 signatures to a petition for a recall election intended to oust Governor Ammons because, as alleged, he has paid no attention to charges that the militia have been used unfairly against the strikers. The following letter is from a member of one of the militia companies called out.—THE EDITORS

THE Southern Colorado coal-fields are located in the vicinity of Trinidad. They are leased and operated by the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and the Victor American Fuel Company. Altogether they employ about twenty-five thousand men. These are, for the most part, Greeks, Italians, Slavs, and Mexicans, only nineteen per cent being English-speaking people. Many of these were strike-breakers ten years ago. Until last summer only a small percentage were members of the union, but at that time officers of the United Mine Workers of America came into the district and rapidly organized the camps. Approximately one-half of the men became affiliated with this organization. The following demands were made of the operators:

First, the right to check-weighmen selected by the miners themselves.

Second, the right to trade at stores other than company stores without molestation.

Third, a bi-weekly pay day and the abolition of scrip payment.

Fourth, better working conditions.

Fifth, recognition of the union.

Sixth, ten per cent advance in wages.

Of these the operators claimed that the first and second had never been denied the miners: that they were not greatly concerned about the manner of payment; that the fourth demand was of very general character, and is amply covered by statutes which have been obeyed by the companies; that number five could not be considered; that they had recently granted a ten per cent advance in wages, and that the Colorado miners were the best paid coal-miners in the country. After more or less fruitless negotiations, a strike was called to take effect September 27.

The operators at once employed guards to protect their property. These men were nearly all furnished by the Baldwin-Phelts Agency, some of whom had been for years similarly employed in other strikes. Some of the miners had participated in the same strikes; thus old antagonisms were brought into a situation sufficiently delicate without them. Among the twelve thousand miners there would be of course the usual percentage of criminals. Add to these conditions the idleness, confusion, and animosities incident to a strike, and the results could have been predicted with almost mathematical exactness.

The coal-fields are in the front range of foothills to the east of the Rocky Mountains. The camps are located in the narrow valleys and gorges between the hills. The strikers' tent colonies are as near their old places of employment as possible. Guards were placed at all company property and in rifle-pits in the adjacent hills. They were equipped with the very best rifles, machine guns, and search-lights. The strikers were in possession of many privately owned rifles, shotguns, and revolvers. One man has confessed to supplying four hundred men with guns. Some evidence of other consignments of guns has come to light. During the first month of the strike numerous battles took place between the strikers and the mine guards, in which several men were killed on both sides and some buildings burned or otherwise destroyed. The writer made quite a careful investigation for the purpose of discovering, if possible, who were the aggressors in these fights. The results indicate that the strikers were usually the attacking party, after more or less provocation by the mine guards. A man who holds a very responsible position with one of the companies said that they had had more trouble with their guards than with the strikers. This man asserted that the guards would provoke trouble in order to render

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necessary the employment of more of their friends, or prevent their own discharge, as the operators would not continue the expense of retaining armed men after the situation ceased to demand it. In at least one instance it is asserted that the strikers provoked an attack by guards, during which they shot some men especially obnoxious to them.

On the 25th of October Governor Ammons ordered the militia to mobilize, and on the evening of the 27th orders were received to proceed to the strike district. The Governor's orders were to preserve order and disarm both sides. Since the arrival of the militia there has been practically no disorder, though the strikers have not generally obeyed the demand to surrender their arms. The work of disarming the company guards has been carried on in such manner that about the same proportion of the men on each side retain their arms.

Four days after the arrival of the militia five companies of infantry, one troop of cavalry, and one field battery were sent to Ludlow, a large coal camp thirty miles from headquarters at Trinidad, to receive the guns promised by the strikers and to be assigned to police and patrol duty at neighboring camps. At this place is located the largest of the tent colonies.

The writer is a member of one of the companies of infantry, and will not soon forget the impressive incidents which immediately succeeded the detraining of the troops. As we approached the town we found the strikers lined up on one side of the road wearing their working clothes, with picks, drills, and other tools indicating their trade on their shoulders. Many were carrying American flags. On the other side were the children, waving flags and singing patriotic songs, led by a band from the tent colony. We then marched by the tent colony, where these people were living on an allowance of two dollars and fifty cents per week for adults and fifty cents per week for children. To men who will do that for a cause their cause is a religion. We were then given "Halt!" and "At ease." A big soldier said to me, "I got a big lump right here in my throat, and I ain't ashamed of it."

The militia have been distributed among the various mining camps and have met with no resistance. There has been no more disorder than might be expected to take place in any other section of the country having equal population. Some progress has been made in securing the arms of the strikers. There have been several assassinations of mine guards, but these were accompanied by no rioting.

On the whole, the demands of the miners are just. It is entirely probable that the operators have not refused openly to allow the men check-weighmen of their own choosing, nor compelled them to trade at company stores. But it seems equally certain that they did both by indirect methods. As to general working conditions, judging from what can be seen outside and the frequent explosions and other accidents inside, the conditions are perhaps the worst in the country, notwithstanding the fact that the Colorado laws require nearly everything necessary to the safety and comfort of the miners. According to the operators, the men receive an average daily wage of $3.84. They neglect to state, however, that out of this the men must furnish themselves with powder and hand tools and keep their tools in repair.

The real bone of contention, however, is recognition of the union. It was evidently for the purpose of adding this district to its domain that the United Mine Workers of America sent its officers here last summer. The union officers demand that the mines be closed to all non-union men; that the dues, fines, etc., be collected through the office; that the men are to work under contract made by operators and unions. The operators claim that this would occasion a great deal of tedious and trying detail, and that a contract with the union would not be binding, as the union is not incorporated. They assert further that the refusal to join a union does not disqualify a man from becoming an employee of the mines.

This strike is demonstrating the criminal folly of allowing mining companies, or other corporations, to police a whole district with irresponsible professional guards. It is the belief of many that there would have been less disorder and destruction of property if the situation had been left to the ordinary police powers of the State. The worst passions of the strikers are aroused by the very presence of these men on account of their participation in other strikes, notably the recent one in West Virginia.

The plan of sending the militia to the strike area has but one thing to recommend it: it was the only thing that could have been done under the circumstances. It is doubtful if any State in the Union could boast of

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a military organization so nearly impartial in its attitude toward both sides in such a conflict, or so free from graft and political corruption. Governor Ammons is absolutely honest and very deliberate in his actions in this as in other matters. Notwithstanding all this, the militia is by its very organization unwieldy, ineffective, and outrageously expensive; it is fitted for war duty, but not for police duty. It seems that such territory as this ought to have a specially trained police force, with sufficient reserves that could be called out for strike duty when necessary. If the corporations were taxed for this purpose, it would be less expensive than the system of employing guards and paying them directly out of their own funds.

But by far the most conspicuous lesson of this strike can be drawn from the failure of the State, and the whole Nation as well, to make the securing of social and industrial justice a function of government. Our State government sat powerless for weeks watching these forces gather for conflict; and now that the conflict is on, all that we can do is to suppress violence while twelve thousand men and their families suffer, a great industry is almost paralyzed, many related industries are seriously crippled, and the public caused much inconvenience and additional expense in securing one of the necessities of life. We provide for the protection of every property right except that of the capacity to labor. Our laws do not allow laboring men to be deprived of their rights by violence, but under the law great corporations do so by other methods. We do not allow groups of laboring men to injure the business of the country by violence, but under the law they do so by other methods. Of course there is the risk of over-regulation, but that is as nothing when we consider the certainty of periodical upheavals such as we are having now. In Canada they have a law requiring both parties to a threatened lockout or strike to submit the matter to arbitration, if either side desires it. Each party to the dispute may choose one member of the board of arbitration, and the Government chooses the third. If either fails to choose a member, the Government makes the appointment, and the board proceeds to consider the case. The findings of this board are not binding upon either party, but the plan prevents hasty action and gives the facts to the country. It also gives the men time to come out from under the influence of the spellbinders. Of the first forty-eight cases handled by this board forty-seven were settled without strike or lockout. No doubt some such law would be of benefit to this country. It would give us time properly to police the affected area at least. There might also be a law forbidding a strike unless the State had supervised the referendum of the call to strike. In many instances local unions vote under misrepresentation of the issue or actual intimidation.

The railway business is far more complicated than mining, and yet commissions of experts decide the matter of rates in many of our States. Wouldn't it be just as feasible to have a commission establish a minimum wage based upon the earnings of the mines? Then the State would have the power, within certain limitations, to compel both sides to abide by the decision of the commissioners.

Governor Ammons has done everything that could have been done under the circumstances to settle the strike. He submitted the proposition that all of the demands of the strikers, except the last two, be granted, and these be submitted to arbitration. This the operators accepted, but the strikers rejected it. Secretary Wilson came from Washington to assist in the settlement of the strike, but accomplished nothing. Since rejecting the Governor's proposition the union leaders have lost much sympathy. They have issued a call for a convention to discuss a sympathetic strike of all union labor in the State. The majority of the delegates are opposed to such a strike. In all probability the strike will be ended by the gradual disintegration of the strikers' forces. Already many men from other sections have come to the district and obtained work, while a number of the strikers have deserted and returned to their old positions, and some have left the district altogether. W. T. DAVIS.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

A FINE MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE

The spirit of Christmas is yearly becoming more noticeable in public as well as private manifestations. The picture shows the tree erected in Madison Square, New York City. At night it was brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of electric lights. Many other municipalities throughout the country made "Merry Christmas" a matter of public jubilation by similar exhibitions

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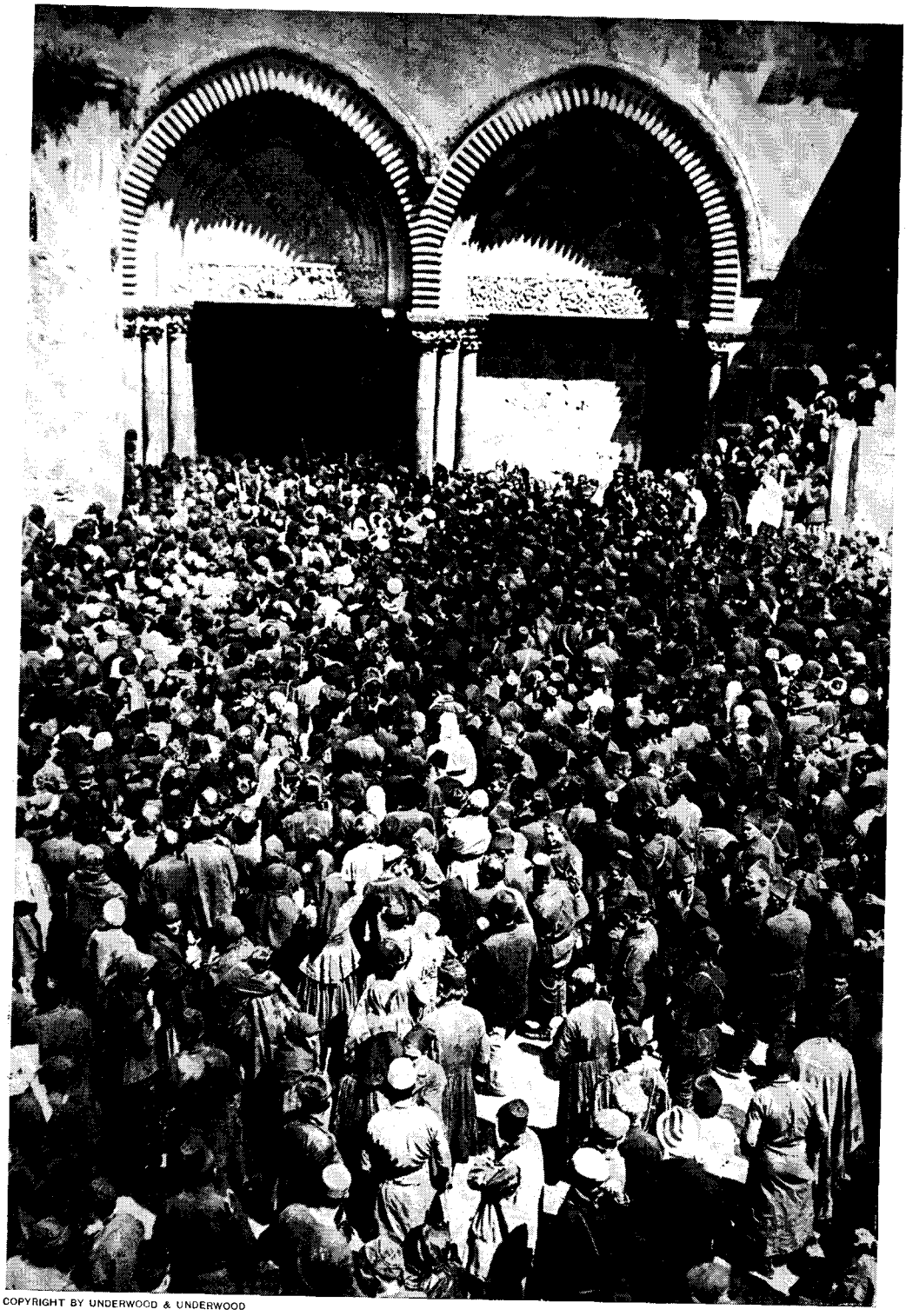

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CHRISTMAS IN JERUSALEM

Pilgrims at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher on Christmas Day. They are struggling to get near to "the Holy Fire"

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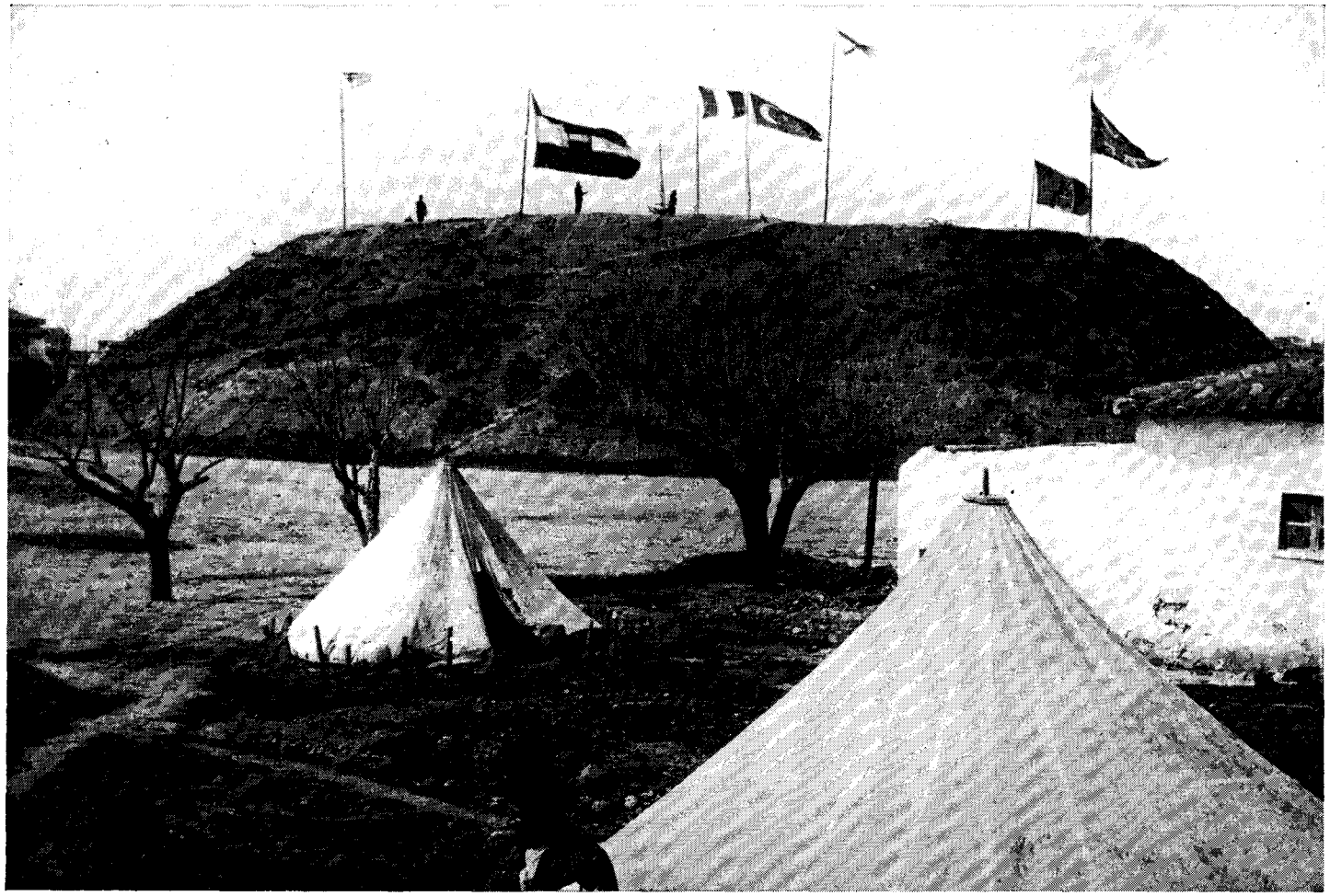

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TURKEY BENDS THE KNEE TO GREECE

The photograph shows the flags of the Six Powers—England, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Russia, surrounding the Turkish flag (in center)—being hauled down from the Turkish fortress at Canea, Crete, on December 14, the date of the formal annexation of the island to Greece. These flags had for many years symbolized the protection of Turkey by the Great Powers. King Constantine of Greece personally ran up the Hellenic flag over the fort after these flags were hauled down. Thus Greece has now regained the island which figured so largely in her ancient history

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THE MINE

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COURTESY OF THE ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY

THE HARVEST

EXAMPLES OF THE SCULPTURE OF CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, WHO HAS BEEN COMPARED TO RODIN

Meunier's work has been on exhibition in Buffalo. It may later be seen in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis. See editorial pages

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THE KING OF SPAIN CONFERRING WITH HIS MINISTERS

King Alfonso XIII is a genuinely constitutional monarch, meeting his Ministers much as the President of the United States meets his Cabinet. The King is here seen at the head of the council board in a recent meeting. On his right are the Prime Minister, Señor Dato; the Marquis del Vadillo, Minister of Justice; General Echague, Minister of War. On his left are Marquis de Lema, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Sanchez Guerre, Minister of the Interior; Admiral Miranda, Minister of the Navy; Count de Bugallal, Minister of Finances

See editorial pages

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COURTESY OF THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THE HOME

From a drawing by Nandalall Bose

THE BEGINNING

From a drawing by Asit Kumar Haldar

These pictures are illustrations for two poems by Rabindranath Tagore republished elsewhere in this number from his volume "The Crescent Moon." They are the work of modern Indian painters, yet, curiously enough, they suggest the art both of Japan and of mediæval Italy

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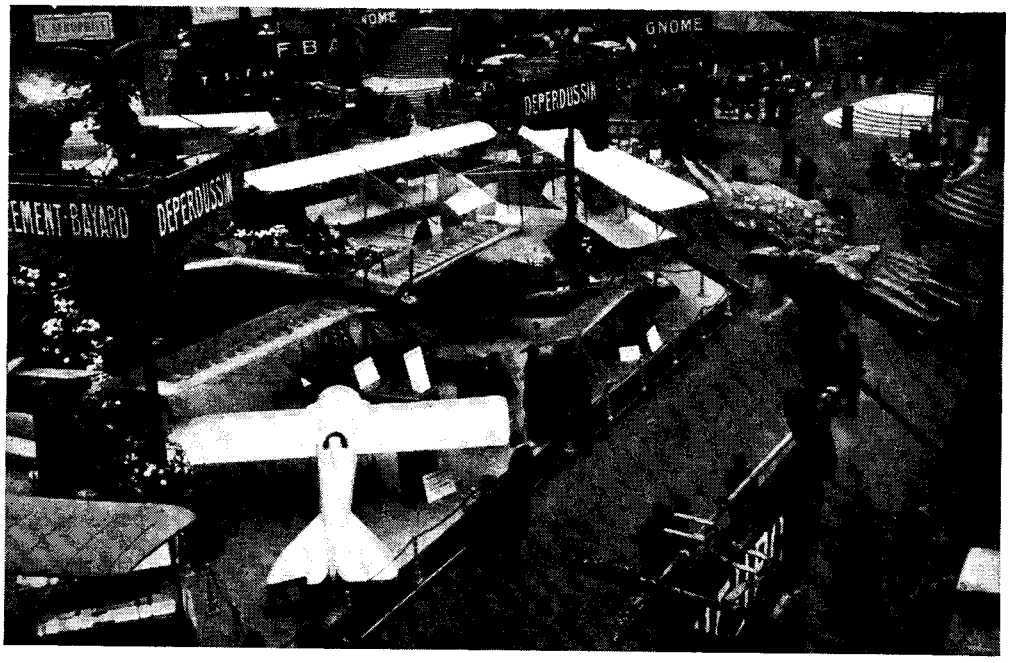
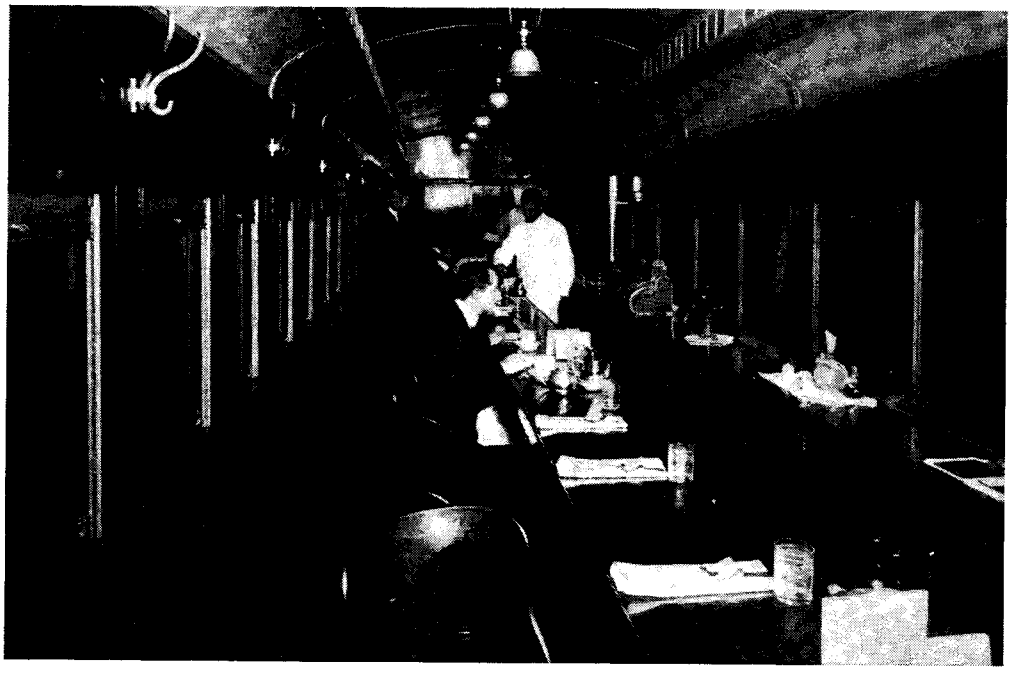


VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL AVIATION SHOW IN PARIS

The great interest taken in aeronautics in Europe is indicated by this recent exhibition at the Grand Palace of the Champs Elysée, which was attended by thousands of visitors and formed a fitting celebration of the tenth anniversary of man's conquest of the air



THE QUICKEST LUNCH ROOM

The "quick lunch room" is an American institution. Here is a new quick lunch room that enables a business man to save time by getting his lunch while speeding between New York and Philadelphia at fifty miles an hour. This time-saving car belongs to the Pennsylvania Railroad. It seats twenty-one persons, is of steel construction, and serves most of the dishes that are found in restaurants of the better class

See editorial pages

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THE COLLEGE MAN IN BUSINESS

BY ERNEST G. DRAPER

THE entrance of large numbers of college men into business during the last ten years has focused the attention of the general public upon the college man as a business type. "Is it true," they ask, "that the college really benefits the graduate entering business?" The question was originally asked timidly, and was emphatically answered positively by college professors and others who were supposed to know. But the cake of custom has had a hard time of it in the United States recently, and critical investigation, that started with the government and the church, has finally hit the college. The demand now is not for assertion but for proof—actual proof that what the general college education gives the business world desires and rewards. It is well-nigh impossible to answer that demand beyond the shadow of a doubt. The records of every college in the country would have to be ransacked, and even then the evidence might not be convincing on either side. But what is possible, and perhaps worth our while, is to ascertain the theoretical advantages and disadvantages of a college training for a business career, and to verify whatever conclusions we may reach by the actual evidence of various corporation officials who are in a position to know.

What training for business success does the college give? In order to answer that, we have first to state a definite conception of the most essential requisite for such success. To my mind, it is the ability to create practical ideas, the power to harness the imagination so that it will assist the individual in discovering new ways or improved ways of attaining the required result. Of course this is not the only requisite, but it seems to be the most fundamental. An executive can hire almost any other kind of work to be done—organization, accuracy in clerical detail, salesmanship. All these the executive can be more or less useless for, and still prosper. Without ideas, however—"workable" ideas—he is no more than a well-trained clerk; and a business with a man at its head who cannot think for himself is headed towards the rocks. And at this point the voice of the college is heard. "That is exactly why the college exists," it exclaims, "to train our undergraduates to think for themselves." This dictum has become the veriest platitude, but the truth on this subject can be uttered in only a certain number of ways, and they all become monotonous through repetition. The fact is, a college student has to work out problems for himself during the entire four years of his tutelage, and if he cannot or will not, he has to leave. Generally speaking, the student who fails to grasp the power to think is lost. I remember a maxim that was printed in large letters on the wall of a class-room at college. It was in Latin, and read to the effect that "he who knows but cannot express that which he knows is no better off than if he did not know at all." If you wished to alter that a bit, it would make in itself an admirable college motto. For instance, "You must not only know. You must know what you know clearly and definitely." It is in an atmosphere such as this that the college youth, in the most formative years of his life, is forced to accomplish his daily tasks. He has a routine to follow, but it is a routine that calls into play his reasoning powers at every turn. Even in sport it is practically the same, although of course in a lesser degree. The "heady" candidate for left half-back on the football team is the one who beats out the "beefer" every time. The pitcher who "uses his head" is the one the coach desires. In the class-room or out, the college lad is urged to educate his thinking powers. If, therefore, the college affords an atmosphere that is conducive for acquiring one great essential of commercial success, *i.e.*, to think for one's self, are we not justified in giving to the college the credit for that service?

This independent thinking on the part of each student develops other qualities that will help the graduate in later life. It develops self-reliance, poise, self-confidence. These are outgrowths of the other, and all cannot fail to be of aid at some time to the embryonic business man. If you were to see a freshman making his initial declamation or debate, and four years later saw the same individual making his farewell oration, you would realize that something far more than the mere passage of four years had been at work. This acquirement of balance can be proved by examples that frequently occur to any of us. Some time ago a young man entered my

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office. I had never seen him before. He said that, although born in this country, he was a Pole; that his father and grandfather were Poles. He represented a Polish newspaper, and sought, not an advertisement, but my company's permission to send, at our expense, his paper to each of our seventy-five Polish employees. At first his request appeared of no interest to me, and, being busy, I gave him the scant attention I believed he deserved. In only a few minutes, however, I realized my mistake. In elaborating his first remarks the young man talked so clearly and concisely, so easily and yet so earnestly, that his manner compelled respectful attention. I questioned him about his former life. He said that he was a graduate of Kenyon College. He spoke so sincerely and fully of the debt of gratitude he owed to his college that one could easily see how large a factor his college had been in molding him. We all have similar experiences, I have no doubt, but this one seemed particularly striking, and convinced me all the more that there is usually a confident self-possession and poise in the college man which lends itself to effectiveness in the business field, where so much depends upon correct approach of strangers.

College life is a life among ideals. On every hand the student is exhorted to be honest, tolerant, loyal. "Be loyal to, and honest in, your work"—so pleads the instructor. "Be tolerant and considerate in your attitude toward each other," the fraternity asks. "Be loyal to your Alma Mater," the college demands. It is a constant reiteration that reverberates in the ears of the impressionable youth until it inoculates. Is it all forgotten upon graduation? A great deal of it, perhaps, but usually not all. And it is right that it should not be, for practical ideals are what the business of this country needs. Ten years ago many of the big business houses were circulating a card that was supposed to make a great hit with its recipient. It read: "Get it—honestly if you can, but get it!" That spirit is dying, but it dies hard. The college man is doing his share in trying to kill it. It is his broader conception of business that helps. We are not foolish in prophesying, therefore, that the ideals which were instilled in undergraduates when their minds were receptive for such teaching will be an increasing incentive towards more honest and more unselfish views in business relationships.

So far in this article the advantages of collegiate instruction seem to have it. But, as the saying goes, "there are two sides to every brick," and the college education "brick" is no exception. College men are notoriously lax in their habits, and many of them are extravagant. It is the general freedom from restraint that fosters these characteristics. I once knew a young man who was so fond of sleeping that in his senior year, when all studies were elective, he chose no study that required him to appear in a recitation room before 10:30 A.M. The prevalence of extravagance among many undergraduates cannot fail to hurt their chances in business. It is axiomatic that the function of the business man is primarily to make money. It therefore follows that if one does not have the right regard for the value of money nor the value of thrift in business relations, he will be handicapped just so much in his striving toward commercial success.

The college man is generally conceited. He has an exalted opinion of his ability. At first his views of business, colored with his own conceit, are distorted. He feels that he knows too much to learn a business "from the ground up." He would rather start halfway up. It is hard for him to realize that he can never arrive at the top except by way of the bottom. Fortunately for him, however, a few hard knocks usually teach him his lesson, and, once started, it takes more than the ordinary amount of discouragement to stop him.

So much for theories. What are the actual facts about college men's success? I have a few that are illuminating. I chose what seemed to me a typical class in two typical colleges. I took the class of 1906 in Yale University, an example of the large college, and the class of 1906 in Amherst College, an example of the small one. I chose the class of 1906, because it seemed to me that in seven years a man should have had time enough to get his footing in the outside world, but not too much time in which to secure an executive position that, with more than average ability, he should have secured earlier. The graduates were divided into three classes, as follows:

Class 1.—Those who own or are partners in a business, and those who occupy strictly managerial positions:

Yale, 71; Amherst, 27.

Class 2.—Those who hold no executive positions, but are in no sense clerks (in this

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class are included salesmen, life insurance agents, real estate agents, and the like, many of whom are making larger salaries and, in reality, hold more responsible positions than some of those included in Class 1):

Yale, 35; Amherst, 18.

Class 3.—Those who hold strictly clerical positions:

Yale, 5; Amherst, 3.

Summary.—Executive and so-called "independent" positions: Yale, 106, or 95½ per cent; Amherst, 45, or 94 per cent. Clerical positions: Yale, 5, or 4½ per cent; Amherst, 3, or 6 per cent.

Besides these figures there is evidence of another kind. I wrote to a few active corporation managers whose experience in their own companies and in outside activities entitles their opinions to be considered with respect. My letter asked for a brief answer to the following questions:

1. What, in your opinion, are the merits that an average college senior possesses which will be of service to him upon entering business?

2. What, in your opinion, are the most important things that the average college senior has to "unlearn" upon entering business?

3. From your experience which men, as a rule, secure the executive positions—the college men or the non-college men?

4. Would you care to state why it is that the college man ultimately outdistances the non-college man, or *vice versa?*

5. Do you believe that the tendency of the college man in business is to lift business to a higher moral and more efficient plane, or *vice versa?*

6. Has your company any fixed policy in regard to the employment of college men?

An executive officer and member of the Board of Directors of the General Chemical Company replied in these words:

"1. He should have a good foundation on which to build an education.

"2. That his education is completed.

"3. College men.

"4. The college man should have a trained mind and a greater fund of useful knowledge.

"5. I do.

"6. Preference is given to college men. There have been numerous honorable exceptions."

A president and general manager of a successful corporation with a capital of $15,000,000 answered to this effect:

1. In answer to this question, would say I do not know what an average college senior is. I do know that some college seniors are of no use whatever to anybody, and that many of them are very useful. I think it depends upon what use has been made of their college career. If they have done an average amount of work and stand on an average with the other members of their class, I should say that their college education should have increased their brain power, so that when trained they can grasp matters in a larger way than a man who has not had that education.

2. The average college senior is very careless and slovenly in his habits, and, as a rule, lacks application.

3. Most of my experience has been with men who have not been college men, but this is because college men have only been coming to the front in an executive way within the last ten years. I should say now that the chances of the college men securing executive positions are better than those who are not college men.

4. I think one reason college men ultimately outdistance non-college men is because they are a picked class, and should naturally do so, in any event. The best of the college men ought to, and I think do, inherit the best brains in the country, and, if they have given an average amount of attention to their college duties and have been sincere in their desire to make the most of them, they ought to have a great advantage over any other man of their age.

5. I think college men naturally lift business to a more efficient plane from their inheritance, and, on the average, to a higher moral plane. I do not know that the latter is due to their college training.

6. We have no fixed policy in regard to the employment of college men, but give them the preference.

An executive of the Western Electric Company did not care to reply by letter, but permitted me to interview him.

"We have forty thousand employees," he said, "and it is hard to write arbitrarily with reference to them. There are a lot of fools that graduate from college, but, in my opinion, it is not the college that is responsible. The Western Electric Company sends representatives to many colleges for the express purpose of soliciting college men to enter its employ. That is what we, as a company, think of able college men. I am not a

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college man myself, but I have a son in college, who intends to enter business when he graduates. That is what I myself think of a college education for business men."

All this evidence, which is as unbiased as any of its nature that can be secured, seems to be strongly in favor of the college-trained man. It points out, as we have already surmised, that college does instill certain traits in the average individual that are a detriment to him upon starting in business. But it shows that these characteristics are not usually fatal to commercial success. The consensus of opinion, then, and the weight of the evidence, show that, as a rule, the college man goes the non-college man one better. Not only can he make money as well and as fairly as his untutored competitor, he can combine money-making and imagination. In other words, he has been taught to see, and does see, that business is not alone a game of outwitting the other fellow and profiting himself thereby. It is a means by which he, the man under him, and the community can be benefited, morally as well as materially. His example, his business attitude, his business actions, count for something besides their effect upon his pocket. It is the larger business outlook that he has—the effect of his acts as well as the acts themselves that he studies. So the four years of college are not spent capital of life, after all. To the typical college man they represent precious investment that later in life returns dividends of fifty, a hundred, five hundred per cent per annum. What business this side of Utopia could do more?

TWISTED EUGENICS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is always a little difficult not to grow either exasperated or melancholy when good, able men are seen devoting their time to fighting shadows. It is even worse when the fight against the shadow is conducted in a way that would be partially harmful even if the shadow were not a shadow. But it is infinitely worse when the fight against the shadow diverts the attention of a man from fighting against real and very dangerous foes.

In a recent magazine there is an article called "Eugenics and Militarism," by a professor in a great university. I do not mention his name because I have no doubt he is an excellent and scholarly man, and my quarrel is not with him or with the magazine, but with the whole general tendency among philanthropists and scientists here in America to-day to blind themselves to the real dangers to our race in connection with eugenics. Eugenics is defined by Francis Galton as including "those agencies which humanity through social control may use for the improvement or the impairment of the racial qualities of future generations." In other words, it means good breeding of men and women so as to produce better men and women in the future; and, as every stock-grower knows, the surest way to get good stock is to breed from the best stock, while, on the other hand, no possible care will save a race if the poorest stock is the building stock. It has recently been shown not only that the birth rate in Great Britain is falling, but that a quarter of the British married population, or one-sixth of the whole adult population, is producing one-half of the next generation, and that this quarter is that part of the population least able to give its offspring the care and general environment necessary to the best human nurture. This is another way of saying that the birth rate is not merely decreasing, but is decreasing selectively, and that the selection is of exactly the wrong kind. the tendency being to eliminate the thrifty. far-seeing, and able type of man and woman.

The magazine article in question is written to show that militarism is a chief factor in the selection of the fit for elimination. The author says, quite properly: "The most economical and most positive factor in human progress is good breeding. Race deterioration comes chiefly from its opposite, bad breeding." He then adds that militarism encourages bad breeding because the best men go to the war and are killed, while the

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weak and timid remain at home and become the fathers of the next generation. Unquestionably there have been countries and periods of which this was true. Napoleonic France offers such an example, and republican Rome offered it in the two centuries before the Empire. But it is in no shape or way as universally true as the author makes out, and in America it has practically no application whatever.

A serious and unbiased study of the matter would undoubtedly show that in England, which for a century has not suffered from militarism at all, there has been a serious deterioration in the physical standard compared with Germany, which is the most military power of Europe. Apparently in England the substitution in a time of profound peace of a factory town population for an agricultural population has had an effect far more calamitous than that of any series of wars of which we have record in modern times. New England offers a case at least as marked, although of somewhat different type. The experience of Germany in recuperating after the literally incredible destruction of the Thirty Years' War is sufficient proof as to how few generations are needed in order to repair the ravages of excessive militarism. It remains to be seen whether there can be any such rapid recovery from the effects of an uncontrolled industrialism, or from the complicated tissue of evil causation which is responsible for New England's dwindling native population.

The professor in question, although a trained "Professor of Eugenics," forgets that a great war may do for the whole nation a service that incalculably outweighs all possible evil effects. The type example of this is our own Civil War. That war cost half a million lives. It is certainly a sad and evil thing that timid and weak people, the peace-at-any-price and anti-militarist people who stayed at home, should have left descendants to admire well-meaning, feeble articles against militarism, while their valiant comrades went to the front and perished. Yet the price paid, great though it was, was not too great to pay for the union of the Nation and the freedom of the slave. Worthy writers on eugenics must not forget that heroes serve as examples. It will not do to decry the leaders of exploration because gallant Scott perished at the South Pole and gallant Livingstone in Africa. It is of course a dreadful thing that men like Scott and Livingstone should be selected for elimination; but they leave imperishable memories behind them to hearten all men forward as they struggle for the benefit of mankind. The three hundred at Thermopylæ, or the companions of Crockett and Bowie at the Alamo, by simply refusing to fight and going home would have preserved themselves from the action of the selective principle to which the eugenics professor in question objects. Yet all mankind would have been the losers if Thermopylæ had never been taken and the Alamo never stormed.

This Professor of Eugenics should not halt on the threshold. Firemen lead hazardous lives; the creation of a fire department means the "selective elimination" of a number of brave, able-bodied men. Does the professor think that there should be no fire departments? I suppose not. But it would be far more rational and less unpatriotic to advocate abolishing all the fire departments in the United States than to advocate abolishing the United States navy. But we can go much further. On an average, every year in the United States there are a thousandfold as many casualties in industry as in the army and navy. Ordinarily the deaths in industry every year outnumber the deaths in the bloodiest battle of the Civil War—those men who die as railway men, structural steel workers, bridge-builders, deep-sea fishermen, and the like. They are men far above the average in physical, mental, and moral power. Does the Professor of Eugenics therefore advocate that all such industries cease? It would be no more absurd than to say that all wars must cease, no matter how just. The only rational attitude to take is that there shall never be needless risk of life, and therefore never war unless war is demanded by the highest morality. But if war is so demanded, then the timid prig who shrinks from it, whether or not he covers his shrinking under the name of "eugenics," stands beside the man who will not risk his life to save women and children from a burning building, or the man who declines to work for his wife and children because there is danger in the work. Eugenics is an excellent thing; but not when carried to such a point as to teach men that love of life is to outweigh all else in the mind of man. The man worth calling such should always be willing to risk his life for an adequate object.

But all this only affects nations which do suffer from militarism. My concern is with

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the United States, where militarism is an absolutely negligible factor from the standpoint of eugenics. Over a century and a quarter have gone by since it has been of the slightest effect whatever save in the case of the Civil War. To write about militarism as a danger to Americans from the standpoints of eugenics is precisely and exactly as if we should write about the eating of horse meat in honor of Odin as a danger to our spiritual life. Such eating of horse meat was at one time a serious problem to the missionaries who converted our ancestors from heathenism. Among these same ancestors militarism was also a problem. But in the America of to-day one is really no more a problem than the other. At any rate, as far as eugenics is concerned within the United States, militarism enters into the problem only to the degree that chemists would call a trace. It is a negligible quantity.

Now, if the writer in question were merely fighting a windmill there would be no earthly reason for interfering with his enjoyment. My point of objection is that it is a calamity for people of education and knowledge who understand what "good breeding" means to tilt at windmills and avoid, whether from ignorance or from fear, the really dangerous enemies. This is especially true with us because the average reformer is frightened at the mere mention of the most serious problems that confront us. To advocate reforms in land tenure, or the holding of property, or the use of railways, or the suffrage, is easy for any man; but to front the vital problem of the perpetuation of the best race elements seems to demand more courage and far-sightedness than the reformer usually possesses. Take the recent book of Mr. Quick, called "The Good Ship Earth." It contains some wise—and a few unwise—suggestions as to the "ship" itself; but when it deals with the crew, it dares not speak plainly, and, by implication at least, praises sins far more evil in their ultimate effects than any connected with capitalism, extolling the French, New Englanders, and Australians because they are materially prosperous and intellectual—and are dying out. To preach, explicitly or implicitly, such doctrines is to do more harm than the rest of the book can possibly do good. But Mr. Quick reads us aright when he says that "there are people who I wish would have fewer children, and others who I wish would rear more children."

This is exactly my position. I wish very much that the wrong people could be prevented entirely from breeding: and when the evil nature of these people is sufficiently flagrant, this should be done. Criminals should be sterilized, and feeble-minded persons forbidden to leave offspring behind them. But as yet there is no way possible to devise which could prevent all undesirable people from breeding. The emphasis should be laid on getting desirable people to breed. This is no question of having enormous families for which the man and woman are unable to provide. I do not believe in or advocate such families. I am not encouraging shiftless people, unfit to marry, who have huge families. I am speaking of the ordinary every-day Americans, the decent men and women who do make good fathers and mothers, and who ought to have good-sized families.

The fundamental point to remember is that if there are not in the average family four children, the race goes back, and that the element which has three children is stationary, and that the group where the average family has two children or less represents a dying element in the race. I am of course speaking of averages, and not of exceptional cases. We have heard much of the New England conscience—the Puritan conscience. It is lamentable to see this Puritan conscience, this New England conscience, so atrophied, so diseased and warped, as not to recognize that the fundamental, the unpardonable crime against the race is the crime of race suicide. The New England of the future will belong, and ought to belong, to the descendants of the immigrants of yesterday and to-day, because the descendants of the Puritans "have lacked the courage to live," have lacked the conscience which ought to make men and women fulfill the primary law of their being.

It is not a good thing to see a poor and shiftless couple have a very large number of children, but it is a great deal better thing than seeing a prosperous, capable family with but one or two. After all, while there is life there is hope, whereas nothing can be done with the dead. If a race, or an element in a race, dies out, then that is the end of it. But if a race or an element of a race continues to exist, even though under unfavorable conditions and with results that are not what they ought to be, there is always the chance that something can be made out of it in the future. The evil or shiftless man who leaves children

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behind him represents a bad element in the community. But the worst element in the community is that furnished by the men and women who ought to be good fathers and mothers of many healthy children, but who deliberately shirk their duty.

Professors of eugenics, and I may add all of the well-meaning unmarried philanthropists of both sexes who speak about education for motherhood and fatherhood, should remember that all efforts to educate the race necessarily amount to nothing if there be no race to educate. There is no use in educating a woman for motherhood unless she is educated to be a mother. No institution will take the place of a home, and all proposals for rearing and educating children outside the home and supplying the place of parents by "trained educators" indicate a morbid pathological condition in the woman making the proposal—a pathological condition as marked in her case as it is in the opposite case of the extremely foolish woman who, in her revolt against the vagaries of some advocates of progress, insists that we should go backward and holds up to us for admiration some such frightful system as that of Hindu family life.

I am a very firm believer in the new woman, but the only new woman in whom I believe is she who adds new qualities to, and does not try to substitute them for, the primal, the fundamental, virtues of the "old" woman—she who was the wife, the mother, the sweetheart, the sister, of the past. I am a very firm believer in democracy. But I believe in it in order to relieve the average man of unjust burdens, not to free him from the performance of vital duties. It is just the same way with a woman. I wish to see her freed from the unjust burdens so heavily laid upon her by man in the beginning, which have been gradually lightened in the slow progress of the ages. But neither man nor woman can be excused from the performance of the most vital and intimate of all duties, those connected with the home and the household. Let professors of eugenics turn their attention to making it plain to the average college graduates of either sex, the average sane and worthy philanthropists, the average men and women who lead in any branch of the higher life of our people, that it is their prime duty to the race to leave their seed after them to inherit the earth. The old Hebrews were right when they made this their prayer; and the race is doomed which does not feel the appeal of such a prayer. Neither material prosperity, nor cultivation of mind, nor softness of life, nor philanthropic devotion to lesser duties, atones from the race standpoint, from the standpoint of humanity, for failure to perform the prime duty. Tell both man and woman that no "career" is more than a poor substitute for the career of married lovers who bring into the world, and rear as they should be reared, children sufficiently numerous so that the race shall go forward and not back.

I am well aware that there must be exceptions to this rule. But it is the rule; and when the exceptions become numerous it shows that there is something very wrong with society. Not once in a score of times is the man or woman entitled to justification if he or she shirks the most fundamental of all duties; and this whether the excuse be cold selfishness and fear of pain and discomfort, or a love of ease, or a mistaken sense of the importance of some outside career. No career is so useful and honorable, nor needs such self-sacrifice and wisdom, as the career of a good and wise mother. The best career for the man is to be the breadwinner for his wife and children; let his career outside of this be an addition to it and not a substitute for it.

Let me repeat that I am speaking of averages. Some of the men and women for whom I care most have remained single, and yet have done their duty in life well and nobly. Some of the best married couples I know have, to their great grief, no children, or but one or two. What I say cannot be taken as applying to each individual case. But it does apply to cases taken in the aggregate. A man or woman may remain single for good and adequate reason, just as in a time of mortal danger to a country some given man may for good and adequate reason not go to war. But whenever in any community the number of such men or women in one case, or of such men in the other case, becomes appreciable, then it is evident that the reason is neither good nor adequate. If, in a community of a thousand young and able-bodied men, eight or nine do not go to the war when the country's need is sorest, they may have an ample and just excuse. But if eight or nine hundred refuse to go, then it is evident that something is wrong, and very seriously wrong, in the community. So, if of men and women engaged in philanthropic or social work, if of men and women who are graduates of college and have had the higher edu-

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cational advantages, the ones who marry are relatively so few and the children they have relatively so few that their descendants represent a smaller proportion of the population in the next generation—why, it is proof positive that their ideals and training are wrong, and that they need to look sharply to their own moral and mental shortcomings instead of spending so much time in improving their minds or attempting to look after other people's morals and bodies.

What I say applies exactly as much to the man as to the woman. It is no more the woman's business to be in the home than it is the man's business to make the home, and his crime if he refuses to make it is as grave as that of the woman who refuses to do her part in keeping it up. To talk of a wife or mother as an "economic parasite" is the veriest nonsense. If she is worth her salt, she is a full partner; and the man is not worth his salt unless he acknowledges this fact and welcomes it. And the more each partner loves and respects the other, the more anxious each is to share the other's burden, the less either will feel like encouraging the other to shirk any duty that ought to be faced. The duties are mutual and reciprocal.

What is more, when we envisage things rightly, when we look facts squarely in the face, there is no reason why the performance of the primary duty should render a man or a woman incapable of performing other duties. Undoubtedly the average man will always find earning his living his chief and most exacting occupation; and the average woman will find bearing, caring for, and bringing up in infancy her babies an occupation that demands all her strength and wisdom. Moreover, thrice blessed are the man and the woman to whom come these great duties and who perform them well. They are to be envied beyond all others. But the moment the strain somewhat lets up, each of the partners can do a great deal of outside work. Each can do the outside work, anyhow, if it is to him or to her the absorbing passion which can be felt just as strongly by the duty-performing married man as by the unmarried man. Agassiz and Longfellow, Huxley and Darwin, Julia Ward Howe and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alexander Hamilton, Grant, Sherman, and innumerable others like them, among the men and women of thought and action, illustrate the truth of what I say.

There is a woman prominent in the Mothers' Congress, whose name I will not mention, but with whom I have always worked, who is the mother of seven children. This has not prevented her from being—on the contrary, it has aided her in being—a vital factor in helping every cause for uplifting women and children: and incidentally I have always felt that I had to do anything she asked me to do, if it were possible, just because I so emphatically believe in the way her principles and her practices square one with the other. Let any woman who says that she prefers a career to marriage understand that she is preferring the less to the greater. The prime benefactors of humanity are the man and woman who leave to the next generation boys and girls who will turn out good and useful men and women. I honor the good man, I honor the good woman still more. I believe that the woman should have open to her everything that is open to man, every profession, every opportunity; and, furthermore, I believe with all my heart that no other woman and no man will ever have a career approaching in dignity, in usefulness to the whole community, in fine self-sacrifice and devotion, the career of the good mother who brings into the world and rears and trains as they should be reared and trained many healthy children.

This much at least is certain. If among the men and women who make up a people there is a selective elimination of the most fit, as a result of those men and women failing to marry and have children, the result must necessarily be race deterioration, unless the race is partly saved by the infusion into it of the blood of other races that have not lost the virile virtues.

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CAMPAIGNING IN COSTA RICA

BY ARTHUR RUHL

The humors and oddities of a political campaign in Costa Rica, as described by Mr. Ruhl, make a novel and picturesque story. At the recent Presidential election in Costa Rica, held, according to custom, on the first Sunday in December, a plurality was given to the candidate of the Republican party, Señor Don Maximo Fernandez. As the Costa Rican law requires that a Presidential candidate shall receive a majority of the votes cast in order to be elected, the choice of a President must now go over until the meeting of the Legislature next May, when it will be decided by the votes of that body. The other two candidates were Señor Don Rafael Iglesias, of the National Union party, and Dr. Don Carlos Duran, of the Civil party. The December election was peaceful, as elections in Costa Rica generally are, and the good nature with which the unsatisfactory result and the necessary postponement were received by both candidates and people is characteristic of the political conditions described in Mr. Ruhl's article, which was written before the Presidential election took place.—THE EDITORS.

THE little republic of Costa Rica is happier than most of her neighbors. She has had no revolutions for many years, and fears none. Hard-working and prosperous, as these terms are understood in the necessarily more leisurely tropics, she has few soldiers and many school-teachers, and pays the interest on her foreign debt. The original Spanish blood has been more successfully preserved here than in the other five republics. There is no peon or large landholder class, as these classes are understood in Mexico and Guatemala; indeed, the most desirable lands are cut into small farms and are in the hands of small proprietors. The press enjoys comparative freedom, and the President, who is elected for four years and forbidden by law to succeed himself, is chosen by votes actually cast and counted. In short, allowing for the inevitable modifications due to climate, the large infusion of Indian blood, and Spanish tradition, Costa Rica is a republic in much the sense that we understand that word.

A Presidential campaign is rather a different matter, therefore, than in Mr. Estrada Cabrera's personally conducted Guatemala—or than it seems possible, at the moment, to make it in Mexico—and it was with more than usual interest that I found myself, after landing from one of the big white fruit boats at Port Limon and taking the beautiful railway climb up from the "hot country" to the capital, stepping into the midst of it.

Although it was then but July and the election was not until December, nearly every house in San José had its colors and a "*viva*" for somebody at the window. There were processions and picnics and speeches, and the papers were full of blasts and counterblasts and reports of meetings and newly organized political centers, *or directivas*, as they are called, with endless lists of names. There were even political headquarters, with automobiles chugging out in front and party scouts inside smoking their solemn cigars much as they do at home.

Of the three candidates, Don Rafael Iglesias, of the National Union party, had been President before—from 1894 to 1902—a period during which the gold standard was adopted, much done for education, and the greater part of the now completed railway from San José to the Pacific built. A man of ability and highly regarded during his term in office, although bitterly attacked afterward, Mr. Iglesias has become a sort of perennial candidate. Dr. Carlos Duran, of the Civil party, was a well-known and well-to-do surgeon, a man of old family and distinguished appearance, who has long divided his time between the practice of his profession and of politics. Don Maximo Fernandez, leader of the Republican party, was an ambitious young lawyer, of less exalted social connections than Dr. Duran, and President of the Costa Rican Chamber of Deputies.

The stranger is promptly assured, as soon as he tries to discover the difference between party programmes in Costa Rica, that there is no difference; that party is a mere matter of personality. The man makes the party, and the policies are the same. Costa Rica is about twice the size of New Jersey, or about one-third the size of Illinois, and contains only about 350,000 people, the greater part of whom are gathered on the beautiful and highly cultivated plateau on which San José is built. In a country so small and so saturated with Spanish tradition, in which family connections always count for much, where everybody knows everybody else, so to speak, government inevitably becomes more

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or less a family affair, and party leadership a matter of personality rather than of clearly defined principles.

It would have been difficult, for instance, for the outsider to see much difference between the policies of Mr. Iglesias and Dr. Duran, except that one's color was red and the other green, and that they disagreed as to who would make the best President. The Republicans, or Fernandistas, on the other hand, had this distinguishing mark—they were radicals, in theory at least, and not merely devoted to conserving conservatism for conservatism's sake. Their candidate was a parvenu, in the sense that he was not one of the so-called "Olympians," like Dr. Duran, and he was supposed to be out to help the common people.

What Mr. Fernandez might actually do if he were elected was another matter, but in a part of the world where scant attention is paid to the dull brown mass beneath, except by some occasional dreamer like the ill-fated Madero, the radical wing becomes perforce, to the outsider at least, the more significant and interesting. It was interesting, for example, in a neighborhood in which editorial writers are inclined—and not infrequently forced—to twang the lyre in honor of the powers that be, to find "El Republicano" thus satirically commenting on the attempt of Dr. Duran's party to form workingmen's political clubs:

> Shrinking from all contact with the noble class of laborers, whose jackets and blouses, stained with the honorable scars of their never-ending daily work, rubbing against the silken tunics and ermine mantles of these Olympians disgust them: nauseated by that odor of flesh pounded on the anvil of life (for they are accustomed to the perfumes of Arabia), these Olympians, desirous of exploiting the proletariat, form a workingmen's club and put the unsuspecting in it as cattle are marked with the brand of their owners.
>
> In the clubs of the glorious Republican party, on the other hand, there are neither classes nor distinctions. All the elements are contained therein, as a ray of sunlight contains all the colors of the spectrum. The capitalist sits alongside the workingman's son, the intellectual whose pen radiates light side by side with the humble farmer who writes but with his plow on the immense page of Mother Earth the sacred hymn of life and force.

There was more of this, with references to the "promised land which Tolstoy saw from his little cottage at Yasnaia Poliana," where, the writer prophesied, "our sons shall one day arrive, across the desert in whose sands are bleaching the bones of this generation." I showed the editorial, especially what struck me as the rather happy reference to the rays of the spectrum, to one of the Olympians—a gentleman who had served his country in high places himself.

"Well," said he, dryly, and with that acquaintance with what is in the air at home which often surprises the North American in Latin America, "sunlight is yellow, at any rate! He's the W. R. Hearst of Costa Rica—that man."

The mere fact that each political group had its paper or papers and that each attacked the opposition with persistency and eloquence presupposed a variety of opinion and a freedom to express it uncommon in Central America—in Guatemala, for instance, unheard of. These little newspapers, on the other hand, have comparatively little influence as we understand editorial influence at home. They are too ephemeral, too often mere partisan leaflets, to carry the weight of newspapers whose primary function, that of giving non-partisan information, imbeds them, so to speak, in the daily lives of their readers and gives them a solid personality from which any mere political utterance comes as from some one long known and respected. They are wasps rather than thunderers, although often witty and penetrating insects of their kind, and the stranger is surprised to see how their loftiest or most venomous utterances are often dismissed by the solider sort of people, of whatever station, with a shrug and a deprecating smile.

One entertaining sidelight they cast, however, on local political conditions quite different from anything we generally get at home. It is their custom to show a party's growing popularity by printing daily notices of new centers, or *directivas*, formed in the provincial towns, and many little declarations of faith—*adhesiones*—signed by the new recruit and his witnesses, or, not infrequently, by a party scout, with the added phrase, "for so-and-so, who cannot write"—*qui no sabe firmar*.

There was sometimes a whole page of these "adhesions" from the capital itself, from distant mountain villages with rolling Spanish names, and as many *protestas* from those who had changed their minds after signing for one of the other parties, or who accused the perfidious opposition scouts of having printed "adhesions" without their consent. The local significance of these *protestas* was suggested by a cartoon in one of the little humorous papers in which Señor

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Iglesias was pictured as a rooster whose feathers, labeled *protestas*, were molting into two pails labeled "Duranism" and "Fernandism." Don Rafael was flapping his wings, nevertheless, and with "his historical arrogance" declaring that, although he had not a feather left, he still had his nerves and muscles, and could crow, and many would be sorry for it.

A Costa Rican living in the United States who formerly edited one of these little papers told me that in his time he not infrequently wrote *protestas* designed to discredit the other side and signed them with any name that came into his head. Whatever may be the custom now—and the quaintness of phrasing often suggests complete authenticity—they would come, naturally, from the more ingenuous and easily led. Taken just as they are, however, real or faked, they give a glimpse of local conditions and of the nature of the citizen material with which such a young republic has to work.

Here, for example, is a simple "adhesion," reported from the neighboring village of Quircot de Cartago:

"With the frankness of my character," declares the recruit, one Nazario Ramirez, "and a great deal of pleasure, I embrace the holy idea of the Republican party, the basis of which, in my judgment, is the noble cause of the people—justice, truth, honor, and liberty—and I believe that its worthy candidate, Lic. don Maximo Fernandez, is the man who will urge Costa Rica along the same favorable path which the present government is following. Wherefore I place my signature beneath the blue banner."

And here is a protest from Concepcion de Cartago, from one who declared for Iglesias but has changed his mind:

Thoughtlessly I gave my signature for the Red party in the belief that it was that of the people, but I am convinced now by its acts that it is not and that, on the contrary, it was this party which during its fatal reign maltreated the poor farmer folks and made a jest of liberty. For I remember that it was in those times that every Thursday and Sunday, for some reason or other, people were locked up in jail so that they couldn't go to the city—something which doesn't happen now—wherefore I disavow the signature which I gave in a weak moment (*mala hora*) for the Civil party and adhere with all my heart to the Republican party, convinced that with it in power our beloved country will continue in the path it now treads, of honor, liberty, and work.

And another from Alajuela, a half-hour's railway ride through coffee and sugar plantations down the valley from San José:

Vilely deceived by one of the Argola crowd, I let them put me in the *directiva* of that place, but, convinced of my error, that as a son of the people I ought not to help with my vote to put those bloodsuckers back into power, I protest against this consent given in a weak moment, and, conscious of the sacred duty which I owe my beloved country, adhere to the grand Republican party.

The custom of making the day laborer practically a slave by getting him in debt and keeping him there—so common in Mexico and Guatemala—is comparatively unknown in Costa Rica. Indeed, the Costa Rican laborer has a curious sensitiveness, and if spoken to harshly, especially in the hearing of his companions, will often simply drop his work, and, with a "Well, it's plain you don't like me!" walk away. That the need of a job may be used as a political club is suggested, nevertheless, by the following:

I, Rafael Compos Bastos, living near the "Pitahaya" of San Francisco de Heredia, protest against the signature which I gave to the so-called National Union party (or better, the party of tricksters) bound as I was by my work and the room in which I was living, but to-day, finding myself absolutely free, I protest energetically against that party and join the great Republican party, which is the only one which can bring happiness and progress to our country.

"*Vive el Lic. Fernandez!*
Viva el gran Partido Republicano!
Viva San Francisco Fernandista!"

Then there are the protests from those who have been put in a false light by the opposition scouts. From San Nicolas de Cartago comes the following statement, "at the request of Señor don Rafael Hernandez Calderon:"

I am informed by a truthful person that my name appears among those of the Duranista party in this neighborhood, notwithstanding that I refused to give my consent. As I have absolute confidence in the honor of the person who has given me this information, I desire to protest against this abuse to prevent my name being published, and declare that I am an old Republican and convinced that I shall never change.

Three citizens of Tableon de Cartago, not insisting, like the gentleman above, on prefixing the "Señor don" to their names,

protest energetically against the bad action of the Reds in including our names among those of the Civil party. We never were "Civiles," and hereby state that we have been, are, and shall be unto death, Republicans, and the day of election we shall deposit our vote for the valiant and honorable citizen Lic. don Maximo Fernandez.

Pablo Astua, "of age and living near Guadaloupe de Puriscal," explains that, "having been seen one day with a Duranista commission, they involved me in one way or

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another, as is their habit, until they made me sign almost by force. I now protest against this signature and shall remain neutral until election day, when I shall give my vote for the Republican party."

Rafael Mejia, of Zetillal de Santa Barbara, "in the exercise of his rights as a citizen," admits that he gave his signature for the Civil party, but, finding himself "*the only adept of that cause in this place*," decides that he will protest and join the Republicans. Juan Trinidad Moro also avers that "to please various friends or for friendship" he gave his signature for Dr. Duran, "and so appeared in the Directiva of San Ignacio de Acosta, as Vice-President," but has decided to protest against this adhesion, remain neutral, and "give my vote to whoever gives the most guarantees to the country."

Even franker is Rogelio Quesada Fonseca, of San Pedro del Mojon, who finds it necessary to file a counter-protest and declare himself a Republican—

> although protests of mine in favor of Duranism have appeared, dragged from me when I was unable to give an account of what I was doing because the chief of the Duranista propaganda had given me drinks in his establishment until he made me sign.
>
> Now that I am quite myself again (*completamente fresco*), as I was when I gave my signature to Ricardo Fernandez in favor of the Republican party, I hereby state that I shall give my vote for President in the next election for Don Maximo Fernandez. I should like to add that I have made this protest because it gives me shame to be among those who can be beguiled with a few drinks.

To which Mr. Fernandez above mentioned adds the following:

> The establishment alluded to is in front of my house, and its proprietor, Abelardo Rojas, knowing that Rogelio had protested, shouted at the top of his lungs that with another *media* of rum he could have made him protest over again. And as Rogelio came out of my house this man's wife called out to him to give her the *media* which he had got for the protest. There are numerous witnesses. It is with pain that I have felt obliged to publish these things, which reflect on my own people, but the wretched character of these persons obliges me to do it. Let us hope that Dr. Duran will learn that he has such chiefs of progaganda, and see if such types can triumph in a cultured country.

The simplicity of these letters—and in the sonorous Spanish they have a quaintness scarcely to be reproduced in our terser tongue—will doubtless suggest the usual easy generalizations about the ability of Central American peoples to govern themselves. They are ingenuous enough, to be sure, but the difference, in this particular instance, is more a matter of newspaper habit than of the voters themselves. Suppose the New York papers should print a page or two of similar letters from any lower East Side neighborhood in the thick of a campaign as the Tammany district leader endeavored to get his polyglot army of Russians, Italians, and Greeks in hand!

There is something quaint and attractive often in the personal nature of such campaigning, a quality which is increased by the character of the country itself—a tangle of velvety green mountain valleys, where railways and telegraphs are few, and really to see and know things one must saddle one's horse or mule and go there in the old-fashioned way. So goes the venerable Don Melquiades Solis, the *gamonal*, or ward boss, of one of the mountain villages, down to the little tropical port of Puntarenas, on the Pacific side, and thus writes through the newspaper to the Republican candidate, his "respected chief and friend:"

> As the Duranistas of San Isidro declared that there were no Republicans in Puntarenas, and as I decided that one could not believe the assertions of these gentlemen, I went there myself. What was my satisfaction to see the 'Viva Fernandez' in almost every house, and your portrait, too, which did everything but speak.
>
> I have my seventy years and my white hair. I fear God, and, as I am an honorable man, I would rather cut out my tongue than tell an untruth, and I say to you, Sir and friend, that here in Puntarenas, as in my town of Coronado, the Republican party will triumph. I am convinced that the Duranistas will be defeated, and I am only sorry for the Doctor.
>
> Oh, those most ungrateful Olympians, who, having plucked Dr. Valverde, now follow with Dr. Duran! That is the way things are, gentlemen. These vampires have no other purpose than to hunt a fat victim with which to gorge themselves. I send my felicitations with this letter and the assurance that all is well in Puntarenas.
>
> *Viva Coronado Republicano!*
> *Viva Puntarenas Republicana!*
>
> YOUR FRIEND WHO TELLS THE TRUTH,
> TO YOU AND TO COSTA RICANS.

There was a big Duranista demonstration the Sunday after I arrived in San José, and all the followers of Dr. Duran who could get a horse rode into the capital from the near-by towns.

The beautiful plateau valley on which San José is built is thickly populated and dotted with towns. Indeed, leaving out the banana country of the east coast lowlands, which is controlled by the United Fruit Company and worked by Jamaican Negroes—a little world

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apart—and a few isolated mines and cattle ranches, this thickly settled central valley, with its climate of "perpetual spring," as the geographies say, *is* Costa Rica, in a way. And from these little towns, from the old capital Cartago, or from what was left of it by the earthquake a few years ago, from Heredia and Alajuela, Escasú and Puriscal, the Duranistas came trotting in, dusty and noisy and shouting war-whoop *vivas* for themselves and Dr. Duran.

On the outskirts of the capital is the level *sabana*, a stretch of close-cropped meadowland a mile or so long perhaps, about half as wide, and almost as level as a polo field. Indeed, they have played polo here at times, and every Sunday there are two or three Association football games going on, baseball for some of the American exiles, and golf on an improvised course—only the initiated know where the holes are—for the faithful few. Trees here and there and grazing cows decorate this natural park, which looks as if it might have been the bottom of a prehistoric lake; velvety green mountains, checkered almost to their summits with fields and pastures, wall it in, and in the cool brightness of the plateau morning, when the cottony clouds of the rainy season, which will turn into showers in the late afternoon, are drifting level across the heights, it is a pleasant place indeed.

Here the Duranistas gathered on their queer little tropical horses—a sort of undersized American cow pony, more *valiente* than they look—with a vast amount of galloping back and forth, swinging the bridle-wise little horses this way and that, and cheering back and forth for their own towns and Dr. Duran.

"Viva Cartago—Duran-*eee*-stas! Queviva Canton de Mo-*o*-ora! Viva el Doctor Dur-*a*-an!"

A spirited Arabian charger, well known in the little capital, had been loaned to Dr. Duran, and from this the standard of horseflesh descended through all possible stages to what one of the opposition papers described as the "missing link." Bridles were as often as not of rope, and the country origin of many of the riders was suggested by their *campesino* jackets or the rope halters, the ends of which were tucked under saddles or twisted round the horse's neck. They were not particularly impressive, perhaps, as cavalry, but reassuringly so as a crowd of men who had come together good-humoredly and without compulsion; that middle class for which the traveler in Central America is always repining, and which in Costa Rica, even when it lives in a two-room adobe house with a mud floor, stands on its own feet and has money in the bank.

The very ox-carts of these Costa Rican highlands—and ox-carts are everywhere in Central America—are different from those across the line. Their wheels are made of mahogany, often with tightly shrunk tires which give out a curious ringing sound as they jolt slowly over the mountain roads. They are gay as the wheels of circus chariots sometimes, instead of clumsily hewn and unpainted, and the ox-drivers, or *boyeros*, are a power in the land. So much so indeed that when the first arm of the railway which now runs from ocean to ocean was built between Alajuela and Cartago, some thirty-five years ago, the ox-drivers, who had done all the freighting before that, were able to put up an opposition that compelled the Government to let them haul in all the railway materials in their ox-carts, and haul them they did, up and down over fifty miles of twisting mountain trails and deep *barrancas*.

Under their green and white colors the Duranistas gathered down the length of the *sabana* by towns and villages, and, after a prodigious amount of galloping and cheering—while some of the pretty San José ladies, circling about in their automobiles, and powdering their already too powdery noses when they thought no one was looking, smilingly looked on—the procession started through the town. The sidewalks were crowded, and the balconies and barred windows too, and there was a continuous din of *vivas* all along the line.

In the paper that morning, under big black letters, the chief of police had issued the following warning:

CIRCULAR NUMERO I

It frequently having happened during political processions and manifestations that the "*Vivas!*" of the participants were impolitely answered with "*Mueras!*" ("Down with" or "Death") and other expressions insulting or hurtful to the candidates or party directors—behavior which speaks ill for the composure, politeness, and education of any cultured people—the chief of police requests all citizens to abstain from such behavior and warns them that he will employ every means in his power to prevent it. Every one who violates this prohibition will be put under arrest.

A Josefino would surely have had slight regard for the *cultura* of his pretty little capital

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who would have offended after this. And, so far as I could see, tramping along with the procession from one end of the town to the other, none did offend. There was plenty of yelling back and forth between the crowd and the horsemen, and now and then, from under some red Civilista or blue Republican banner, a flash of spirited repartee with some one in the line. Occasionally a spectator in the street would whirl round toward his friends in the balcony, and, with outstretched fingers quivering, fire off such a torrent of Spanish that you might suppose him imploring them to join him in charging the enemy. But he was doing no more than tell how many horses *he* had counted, and maintaining against his friends' estimate of two thousand that there were no more than fifteen hundred—"*quinientos-cinquenta*—no *mas*!"

It was as good-natured as a picnic party, which indeed these demonstrations resemble—the Civilistas were having one of their own that day in a near-by town—and clearly violated the rules laid down by all writers of popular American fiction who have illuminated these parts. For here were fifteen hundred mounted men clattering over the cobblestones of an unsuspecting capital, and, as every one who reads the magazines knows, any Spanish-American political aspirant who has got that far must promptly seize the *cuartel*, shoot everybody who doesn't surrender, and declare himself President.

Perhaps the Costa Ricans, in their backward Latin-American way, do not keep pace with our magazine fiction. At any rate, the Duranistas clattered gayly through the town, whooped and viva-ed to their hearts' content, and dispersed whence they had come. The pretty señoritas—and even those who weren't—and their fathers and mothers and aunts left their balconies and barred windows, from which they had been watching and waving handkerchiefs, and went in to lunch. And Dr. Duran, instead of declaring himself President, rode back quietly to his house to wait and see what the voters might have to say about it on the first Sunday in December.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator determined upon a Canterbury (New Hampshire) pilgrimage. He heard that there was a Shaker village there. A brief journey it looked upon the map, and quite prosaically attainable upon the time-table. He had taken the precaution, however, of inquiring how far the settlement was from the station, and was informed that a stage would convey him from one to the other. But when the train had deposited him upon the platform of the small rural station, his destination began to recede into a vaguer perspective, for he saw nothing upon wheels in sight. He approached a man in sun-faded garments who had the air of being there to meet the expected, if not the emergency, and inquired of him concerning the stage to the Shaker village. The man's staring silence caused the Spectator to infer that he was deaf, so he slightly raised his voice. The obstacle to communication proved, however, to be with the tongue. With difficulty and apparent reluctance the tongue-tied one finally revealed the discomfiting fact that the seats of the stage—a high two-seated wagon—were all engaged; also there was a waiting list.

The Spectator then applied to the station agent, who seemed to be a person of almost Oriental detachment from human considerations. The station agent's imagination did not work beyond the possibilities of transportation embodied in the mail stage. He knew no other way of reaching the Shakers, who, he added, almost scornfully, were eight miles away. The Spectator again approached the stage-driver, in spite of his evident distaste for conversation, and asked, "Is there no one about here who can drive me over?" The tongue-tied one stammered an indistinguishable name. "Does he live near here?" "T-t-t-th-th-three miles." "Has he a telephone?" The tongue-tied one, nodding assent, walked swiftly away with an effect of flight. Returning in a few moments with his horse, he took in his four passengers—and picked up his reins almost precipitately. "Your team'll be here in a minit," he remarked—no doubt after private rehearsal—

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to the stranded assemblage upon the platform.

When, however, the promised "team" arrived, there was still insufficient room for the five waiting passengers. The new arrival seemed a genial soul, although his replies had a certain irrelevance—explained, after a period of mismated questions and answers, by the fact that he was "a little deef." Communication being established, the Spectator learned not only that the deaf was as unable to furnish transportation as the tongue-tied, but that, "hoss distemper" being prevalent, the agreeable deaf person was short-handed—or, strictly speaking, *footed*—and could not return for him that night. He lived seven miles away himself. The deaf, however, furnished the name of another possible charioteer, and, armed with it, the Spectator went to the telephone. The charioteer agreed to come for a comfortable price, although he warned the Spectator that he could not expect to get back that night.

At "the Center" he parted with the cheerful Jehu thus engaged by telephone, who explained that his wife would drive the rest of the way. Jehu's wife was talkative and redolent of a perfume that seemed compounded of vanilla and clove. The drive was in the nature of an adventure for her too. She "was never to the Shakers before" because they were so far off—a good five miles away—and she had lived there only about seven years. Jehu's wife prattled unceasingly of death, disease, and disaster, from the local and agricultural tragedy to remoter horrors gleaned from the newspapers. Her stock of grisly anecdotes lasted until the austere buildings of the Shaker village came in sight.

A competent Shaker sister swiftly arranged over the telephone for a night's lodging for the Spectator at a neighboring farm-house, for the settlement had no provision for guests. The belated traveler, arriving perhaps with a melodramatic accompaniment of wind and rain and with no place else to lay his head, would not be refused admittance. Short of such an emergency they did not entertain.

The Canterbury Shakers—the women at least—still wear their quaint costume. No "brethren" appeared during the Spectator's visit, although he learned that there were still a few at the settlement. A sister with a nun's face showed the Spectator about the village, from the long, low cow-barn and the modern dairy to the peaceful kitchen garden where cabbages, tomatoes, beans, potatoes, corn, and beets prospered in the sun with a background of blue hills. The sister wore her quaint Shaker straw bonnet, made in the community, with the gauze Marie-Stuart-like coif underneath. Her dress, cape, bodice, and full skirt were dove-colored, her eyes blue and tranquil. Not only in its use of the telephone, the Spectator discovered, was the settlement one with the world of to-day. The Shakers use their own automobiles to journey back and forth from Concord, and all their appliances are modern. Almost all of the dairy products are consumed in the settlement. Their hand industries, except for the manufacture of straw bonnets and baskets, have either been abandoned or supplanted by mechanical processes. Once they made all their own implements and garments and printed their own paper, the sister said. Sweaters woven by machinery, but of superior quality, seem to be the principal industry of the Canterbury settlement, although the Shakers make also fancy articles, preserves, candied fruit, and the "Dorothy" cloaks, named for their beloved elderess, Dorothy Durgin.

The Spectator asked if they had an herb industry, having a fragrant memory of an old Shaker in a low room full of dusty sunshine and the pungent odor of herbs; but he was told that the gathering of simples was not part of the Canterbury work. He spoke of the rows of yellow straws lying on the grass in the sun, and learned from the nun-like sister that they were in a half-way stage of the alternate scalding and bleaching that prepares them for weaving into baskets and bonnets, a delicate, arduous hand labor that is divided among a number of the community. The visitor and his guide went next into the bare meeting-house, built in 1792, seldom used now, while the sister told anecdotes of earlier days when the community was larger. Coming out, they passed the school-house, the running expenses of which the Shakers now divide with the town.

The sister refreshed the Spectator's memory concerning the story of the Shakers and

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of their founder, Mother Ann Lee, a refugee from religious persecution, who left her home in Manchester, England, in 1736 for the New World, in search of freedom to worship God. As a child, like Joan of Arc and other mystic leaders, she had had visions. A natural celibate, she was urged into matrimony by her parents, but her husband subsequently deserted her. In England Ann Lee had come under the influence of James and Jane Wardley, a remnant of the religious body known as the French Prophets. Jane was said to incorporate the spirit of John the Baptist "operating in the female line." They called themselves Shakers, and expressed the joy of their religion in a sort of dance, a striking contrast to the austere and gloomy observances of the period. After the death of her children Ann took the lead of the Shaker movement and promulgated its doctrines of celibacy and communal ownership. In accordance with their belief that the second coming of Christ would be in the form of a woman, they called Mother Ann their "spiritual parent in the female line." They taught the duality of God, a fusion of the father and mother principle. It was in 1774 that the entire little army of Shakers, numbering eight, sailed for America and settled temporarily near New York. In 1776 they made their first permanent settlement in Watervliet, New York. Later, at the time of a religious awakening in New Lebanon, they made many Shaker converts there.

Mother Ann Lee and her elders also made pilgrimages, attended by much hardship, to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire in 1781. A peddler brought the news of the new religion to Canterbury, and some of its citizens visited the community at Harvard, where Mother Ann Lee was preaching. The result was the establishment of the Canterbury Community. One Benjamin Whitcher gave his farm, and assemblages were held there until the organization of the formal society and the erection of its buildings. Part of an old farm-house, with its wide-beamed ceiling, is incorporated in the building where the herb medicines were once brewed. Now it is used for making preserves. The only medicines the Shakers still make are witch hazel and sarsaparilla.

The Spectator reflected that Shaker communism seemed to owe its success in part to the religious element which so rigorously eliminates selfishness. No doubt, too, the principle works more smoothly in a celibate society, where altruism is perhaps more easily substituted for domesticity and the affectionate sense of property rights. The Shakers once had non-communal members who accepted the faith and lived in their own homes, but there were never many of this class. Their strict adherence to their principles has been notable, as, for example, in the case of one John Wadleigh, who served in the Civil War but refused to accept a pension.

The Shakers maintain that the first spiritualistic manifestations were among their number, and a certain pure and mystic form of spiritualism is part of their belief. Shaker dancing ceased over forty years ago, although a sort of marching with movements remained a part of their service until a later date. Now nothing except celibacy and the communal life distinguishes their practice from that of any other Protestant body.

A number of happy-looking children were playing under the trees. In answer to the Spectator's question, the sister admitted that not all of them remained with the Society as they grew older. Sometimes the children were returned by the Shakers as unsuited for the life, sometimes the parent or relative who had given them would decide later on to take them back. "And as non-resistance is part of our belief," the sister said, "we never try to hold them, even when it is very hard for us to give them up."

"No, there ain't many brethren left there now," the cheerful farmer who drove the Spectator away informed him. "'Course they expect to keep 'em away from other folks, an' it ain't easy to get young men to live that way nowadays."

Yet how peaceful it all seemed, the Spectator thought as he looked back at the group of convent-like buildings, this community of New World monks and nuns, isolated yet not sequestered: a non-ritualistic monasticism, a non-militant Socialism, another of the restless world's dreams of a new earth.

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THE NEW BOOKS

FOUR BOOKS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE [1]

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

The distant land and the still more distant civilization from which Tagore comes to us make the familiar lines with which Keats welcomed Chapman's Homer almost the inevitable quotation to head a review of these four volumes. Tagore is a new planet in the skies of our literature, the arrival of which was signalized to the public at large by the award of the Nobel Prize, but of which there have been portents not unregarded by the astronomers of books. With such an introduction the reader who turns to Tagore for the sound of an alien music and the voice of new ideals will suffer a surprise. Tagore speaks for the East, it is true, across what many have long superstitiously regarded as an almost impassable gulf, yet what will strike the reader of his poetry most insistently is the wealth of universal thought to which he has given such happy expression. He differs from many of our writers not in kind, but in degree. Says a recent poet:

"God send a man like Bobbie Burns
To sing the song of Steam!"

A reading of Tagore is an excellent antidote for the modern sentiment expressed in these lines. The work of the Bengali poet truly treats of the essentials. New means of locomotion, the cut of a man's waistcoat, or the place of his nativity may furnish the incidental decorations of poetry. They can never be regarded as cause for its birth.

A Bengali quoted by W. B. Yeats in his introduction to "Gitanjali" says of Tagore: "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him our love." Tagore's poetry is indeed intimately close to life. Philosopher and mystic though he is, he has written love poetry which in the beauty of its expression invites comparison with the Song of Songs itself—that tapestry of golden words and jeweled phrases which has served so long and so strangely as an altar-cloth in the temple of Christianity. These two love lyrics are from the sequence in "The Gardener":

31

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.

They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars.

My songs are lost in their depths.

Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity.

Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine.

33

I love you, beloved. Forgive me my love.

Like a bird losing its way I am caught.

When my heart was shaken it lost its veil and was naked. Cover it with pity, beloved, and forgive me my love.

If you cannot love me, beloved, forgive me my pain.

Do not look askance at me from afar.

I will steal back to my corner and sit in the dark.

With both hands I will cover my naked shame.

Turn your face from me, beloved, and forgive me my pain.

If you love me, beloved, forgive me my joy.

When my heart is borne away by the flood of happiness, do not smile at my perilous abandonment.

When I sit on my throne and rule you with my tyranny of love, when like a goddess I grant you my favor, bear with my pride, beloved, and forgive me my joy.

The following is from "Gitanjali:"

In one salutation to thee, my God, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain-cloud of July hung low with its burden of unshed showers, let all my mind bend down at thy door in one salutation to thee.

Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to thee.

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day back to their mountain nests, let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to thee.

It is, however, in "The Crescent Moon" that Tagore comes closest to life as we know it and to the spirit of the West. Perhaps this phrase is too boastful. It would be more exact to say that we can accept his lyrics of children in full comprehension of their worth, even though we have few poets who speak with such understanding. It is from this volume that the two pictures by

[1] Gitanjali. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
The Gardener. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
The Crescent Moon. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
Sadhana. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

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Indian artists published elsewhere in this issue have been taken. These are illustrations for the following poems:

THE HOME

I paced alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the cocoanut and the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world.

THE BEGINNING

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up?" the baby asked its mother.

She answered half crying, half laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast—

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshiped you.

In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother you have lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals, you hovered as a fragrance about it.

Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.

Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you who belong to all have become mine.

For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine?"

There is delightful humor in this third poem from the same volume:

SYMPATHY

If I were only a little puppy, not your baby, mother dear, would you say "No" to me if I tried to eat from your dish?

Would you drive me off, saying to me, "Get away, you naughty little puppy"?

Then go, mother, go! I will never come to you when you call me, and never let you feed me any more.

If I were only a little green parrot, and not your baby, mother dear, would you keep me chained lest I should fly away?

Would you shake your finger at me and say, "What an ungrateful wretch of a bird! It is gnawing at its chain day and night"?

Then go, mother, go! I will run away into the woods; I will never let you take me in your arms again.

The fourth volume, "Sadhana," an essay on the realization of life—perhaps in some ways the most important of all—does not lend itself easily to suggestive quotation. The reader will finish this book with a new comprehension of the meaning of pantheism and of the reasons why the Bengalese call this present age the "epoch of Rabindranath Tagore."

Art and Common Sense. By Royal Cortissoz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Mr. Cortissoz's art criticism is always welcome. It is notably frank, spontaneous, sincere. It is also very individual, as those who have been reading the New York "Tribune" for the last twenty years need not be told. Finally, the criticism is human, if one may use the word.

Mr. Cortissoz's latest volume is entitled "Art and Common Sense." The title itself is a timely reminder. No matter how much the criticism of art may be frank and spontaneous and sincere and individual and human, it can also go off at a tangent. To his other qualities Mr. Cortissoz adds the saving grace of common sense.

He is thus rarely solemn. He can be depended upon to see the element of humor in any situation. As an example, take Mr. Cortissoz's estimate of Rodin: "It is still permissible to believe that Rodin has been overrated." Certainly, most men agree that Rodin is "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," even if they do emphasize the "grand" and seem justified in it. Not so Mr. Cortissoz. Are we considering Victor Hugo, for instance, as Rodin viewed him? Mr. Cortissoz says of Rodin: "He figured to himself Victor Hugo listening to the voices of nature, and, if we are to believe the nonsense of his acolytes, the poet, as he portrayed him, is truly rapt by the murmurs of the sea. But, as a matter of fact, he shows us only an old gentleman looking absurd in the absence of his clothes."

More than almost any other critic, Mr. Cortissoz seems to have the qualities we associate with youth. His is an elemental criticism. It smacks little either of prejudice or pedantry. It seems almost to have been written by an Italian rather than by an American, for the Italian child is born with the faculty of distinguishing not only between good and bad, but also between the beautiful and the ugly. The Italian

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bambino is quite as apt to say of anything, "*E bello*" or "*E brutto*" as "*E buono*" or "*E malo*." And so Mr. Cortissoz. "Beauty is all," he says.

In the first sentence of the first essay of the present volume Mr. Cortissoz does admit that "there are impenetrable mysteries about a work of art." But he does not let the "mysteries" bother him a bit. He writes as if there were none. Indeed, he asserts that "for the purposes of right thinking about a great work of art there is in it no mystery whatever."

And so, with a buoyant touch and go, Mr. Cortissoz pays his respects to the artist's point of view and to the critic's point of view. He waxes ironical concerning the artist obsessed by the idea of mere technique, "shutting the laymen out from his mystery." As to the critic, common sense means simply that he is "to keep his head and his sense of humor" and "to beware of the esoteric qualities of the pundit."

Mr. Cortissoz is that kind of a critic. He thus goes from man to man and from school to school. In the present volume he discusses Rodin alone among sculptors, and among architects four recent Americans—Richardson, Hunt, McKim, and Burnham: but among painters what a galaxy!—Pintoricchio, Ghirlandajo, Carpaccio, Tiepolo, Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, El Greco, Goya, Ingres, Chardin, Alfred Stevens, Whistler, Fortuny, Sorolla, Zuloaga.

For many of these men real reverence is necessary. But about some one feels that a vast deal of buncombe criticism has been on the market. Moreover, in this day of Cubism and Futurism there is something more abroad in the land than mere buncombe, and that is downright idiocy.

At such a time, then, a volume full of common-sense criticism like Mr. Cortissoz's is not only desirable, it is necessary. One may not agree with all of it. But one must admit that its charm and value lie in the fact that it discusses great subjects simply.

Loeb Classical Library (The). Petronius. Translated by Michael Heseltine, B.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

That to Petronius is accorded the distinction of having written the only novel among Roman writers will doubtless come as a surprise to many readers who think of him only as the self-indulgent courtier of Nero's corrupt court. Yet, though known as the "Arbiter of Elegance," and a man who spent his days in sleep and his nights in the ordinary duties and recreations of life, this medley "Satyricon," though it comes to us in fragments, shows Petronius to have been a keen observer and critic of the life that surged about him, and that he possessed the imagination and command of language to make it real. How like our own problems were theirs, two thousand years ago, even to the much-discussed college question! Speaking of the decline of oratory, Petronius says:

> I believe that college makes complete fools of our young men because they see and hear nothing of ordinary life there. . . . every word and act besprinkled with poppy seed and sesame. People who are fed on this diet can no more be sensible than people who live in the kitchen can be savory. . . . The fact is that the teachers are not to blame. . . . They are in a madhouse and they must gibber. Unless they speak to the taste of their young masters they will be left alone in the colleges. Then what is to be done? It is the parents who should be attacked for refusing to allow their children to profit by stern discipline. . . . If they would allow work to go on step by step, so that bookish boys were steeped in diligent reading, their minds formed by wise sayings, their pens relentless in tracking down the right word, their ears giving a long hearing to pieces they wished to imitate, . . . then the grand old style of oratory would have its full force and splendor. . . . If any man seeks for success in stern art, and applies his mind to great tasks, let him first perfect his character by the rigid law of frugality.

We cannot agree with the anonymous writer of the eighteenth century who, in his ".Observations on the Greek and Roman Classics in a Series of Letters to a Young Nobleman," speaking of "Satyricon," said: "You will in no writer, my dear Lord, meet with so much true delicacy of thought, in none with purer language;" but there is truth in his later remark: "You will be charmed with the ease and you will be surprised with the variety of his characters." These characters are all the product of a period in history when the first aim of the ripest civilization was the getting of money.

This, too, is familiar; and how like a picture of a certain section of our society of to-day, with its contrasts, its swift changes of fortune, is the description of the luxury, glitter, and dire poverty of the South Italian town, its system of local government, honoring the vulgar and corrupt, and of the dinner given by Trimalchio, the prince of grafters and speculator in vice, at which the shoulders of one who wallows in his host's silken cushions are still sore with carrying firewood for sale! In his poems Petronius is spiritually at his best. Many speak of the country and seaside, of love deeper than desire, weariness of court life, and relief at escape from it.

Young Working Girls. Edited by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

Work-a-Day Girl (The). By Clara E. Laughlin. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

A small book edited by experts and introduced by Jane Addams contains the results of an investigation into the condition of young working-girls. There is no doubt as to the importance of the situation; the question is, just what is accomplished by these summaries of carefully gathered evidence? In this volume the subject is soberly treated; one can accept with confidence both the facts cited and the remedies offered. The latter are, in part: neighborhood recreation, which will include the whole family; trade training, which will help to fill the "two

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wasted years" from fourteen to sixteen; making it the function of the public school to guide girls to their industrial careers, now left to chance; instruction in the hygiene and ethics of sex, a complicated task, always needing a background of friendliness; the raising of the age of consent everywhere to eighteen; and, finally, educating public opinion to do away with a double standard of morals in all grades of society. It is encouraging to note that in the opinion of these writers the moral sense must be reinforced by a vital religious faith in order to withstand the evils of crowded city life.

From a similar yet somewhat different angle the "Work-a-Day Girl" is observed by a magazine writer of insight and keen sympathy. Disclaiming positive authority, she has made a fairly comprehensive study of her subject and presents some extremely telling stories. She agrees with the experts that the foundation weakness is to be sought for in the home. The household contributes more than twice as many women offenders as all the new industrial pursuits put together, we are told. The home usually lacks in systematic industry and in leisure. "Homes, now, have but one product: citizens!" It is by those whose homes are not under indictment that the problem must be solved. Very tragic are the glimpses of the New York Night Courts, and very caustic is the author's arraignment of our public school system. Two stories, "Forced Out" and "The Price of Progress," are especially good. These two books might be studied together with profit.

Japanese Flower Arrangement Applied to Western Needs. By Mary Averill. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

This attractive, finely printed, and beautifully illustrated volume presents the little-known subject of Japanese flower arrangement by an authority on the subject. Miss Averill studied with native teachers in Japan, completing a course of instruction in one of the schools, and she has given us a standard work on the subject.

The ancient art of flower arrangement started with the Buddhist desire to preserve the life of animals and also of plants. At first crudely, and after a time in a more delicate manner, the priests arranged flowers as offerings to the temple gods. In the fifteenth century the definite idea of representing the three elements—heaven, man, and earth—was developed, and this became the principle underlying modern flower arrangement. Heaven, man, and earth are represented by three main lines rising from the vase in which the flowers are placed and with which the flowers arranged in it must coincide. While not equal in height, the three curving stems must balance and conform to certain definite rules of arrangement. About the year 700 A.D. a school was founded to develop this cult of flower arrangement, which has continued ever since, while other schools have been established at intervals up to the present time. In some schools the central idea so predominated as to detract from the naturalness of effect, but in others it was modified and adapted to bringing about more grace and beauty.

The book contains detailed descriptions of the manner of cutting, choosing, and arranging the flowers in the Japanese method of using a few sprays and giving them the appearance of natural growth. The color, kind, and form of the flower, and the shape and color of the vase, are all chosen with a view to the expression of a definite idea. The arrangement is varied according to the mental picture to be conveyed, as spring, autumn, the departing guest, the wind, or whatever it may be desired to express. Forked sticks are used to keep the flowers in place in the vase, and often the branches are bent artificially to produce the curved lines required, all of which are carefully described and frequently illustrated by drawings and diagrams. The Japanese never use masses of flowers, nor do they use a flower out of season.

The great masses of flowers used at our wedding receptions, balls, dinners, and the like, and the formal wreaths, crosses, and other, often strange, floral designs seen at funerals here, never fail to shock the taste of the cultured Japanese. They cannot understand the crudeness of these arrangements, or the (to them) meaningless designs with which we are so familiar and accept as "the thing to do" on all such occasions. It may therefore seem strange to the American reader of this book that so much meaning is conveyed to the Japanese mind with so few flowers or sprays of the plants.

In our crowded rooms it becomes almost necessary to have large masses of flowers—if any at all—so that they may be noticeable. The Japanese room contains but a few choice objects, with one or two hanging pictures upon the walls, and therefore, where every object is readily seen and its full value appreciated, the refined and studied arrangement of the flowers and their fitting vase or holder become an important part of the arrangement of the room itself. We might do well to take a few lessons in room arrangement from the Japanese, and if Miss Averill's book serves to call attention to this matter through its delightful descriptions of flower arrangement it will have done a good work.

Lectures and Orations by Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Newell Dwight Hillis. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.20.

This volume is a timely commemoration of the centenary of Mr. Beecher's birth, and is full of a many-sided interest—social, political, personal. Here are his famous lectures on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society" and "The Reign of the Common People." Here are his commemorations of great Americans—Channing, Sumner, Phillips, Grant, Lincoln—the last his impas-

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sioned sermon on the Sunday after hearing of the President's assassination. As interesting and as timely for present issues as any in the volume are the two addresses relegated to an appendix. The first, "Patriotism Above Party," is Mr. Beecher's spirited vindication of his alleged "treason" to the Republican party in supporting Mr. Cleveland's candidacy for the Presidency—a campaign speech which exhibits popular oratory at its best in maintaining a righteous but unpopular cause. The other, entitled "The Herbert Spencer Dinner," is similarly characteristic. The enthusiasm which Mr. Beecher aroused in 1882 by that brilliant defense of the then heretical doctrine of evolution its general adoption has made irreproducible, but his example is one never to be forgotten. Except the discourse on Lincoln, none of his "Patriotic Addresses in America and England" is included in this volume.

Message of David Swing to His Generation (The). The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.20.

This commemorative volume is an appropriate companion to the one preceding. It is also fitly prepared by the same editor. It was from the Chicago pastorate which David Swing's death had vacated in 1894 that Dr. Hillis was called to that of Plymouth Church. Swing and Beecher were congenial spirits, diversely gifted, but alike intent on recalling the Church to the evangelical simplicity and the ethical passion of the religion of the Son of Man. This volume makes the fact conspicuous; see especially the discourse occasioned by Beecher's death. As to their diversity of intellectual type, the addresses in commemoration of Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips which each of these two volumes contains may be instructively compared. No such orator as Beecher was, Swing did not so widely impress the Nation; but he fought a good fight for the freeing of Christian faith from the fetters of a deistic theology, and made an enduring impression within the range of his voice and his gifted literary pen. This collection of his addresses and papers is fitly introduced by the memorial discourse of Dr. Hillis when becoming his successor.

Down Among Men. By Will Levington Comfort. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

Possessed of a marvelous descriptive genius, equipped with a remarkably flexible use of English, and impelled by the passion of a mystic, the author of "Down Among Men" has written a striking novel. John Morning, war correspondent "out on a shoestring," in the phrase of men with wealthier backing, is the hero. In the author's words, than-which none are more perfect, he was the man who came up through the dark and the fighting (often in such a ruck of fighting that he couldn't hear voices); he was punished by men, broken by self, and healed by a woman. It is a story of the meaning and worth of compassion. The picture of the Russian peasants, blindly obedient, but never soldiers, hopelessly fighting and as hopelessly retreating before the Japanese, smothered in the lush greenness of the constantly growing Chinese millet—food for the poor—this, with other equally powerful descriptions, is epic in quality. The style offers peculiar temptations to quote. We read: "The fighting looks big at the time and the carnage; but the thunder dies away, and the rains come and clean away the stains—and the spirit of it all lives in one deed or in one sentence. A woman nurses the sick at Scutari, and the Crimean War is known for the angel of its battlefield by the many who do not know who fought, nor what for." This, in essence, is the author's point of view. Whether the sacrifice of a part of God's gift to human nature is the necessary prelude to highest service for men is a world-old question. It is answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative here. John Morning attains to the things of the spirit (not necessarily to what the world calls success, though that comes also) through the absolute self-effacement and actual death of the woman who loves him and whom he loves. In this way his path is cleared. His friend, benefactor, and inspiring master is Duke Fallows, a veteran correspondent who even in illness and satiety learns a new lesson from the scenes he witnessed in Manchuria, and returns to America from Russia, whither he went on a compassionate mission to be the advocate of the poor and oppressed.

John Brown, Soldier of Fortune. By Hill Peebles Wilson. Published by the Author, Lawrence, Kansas. $2.50.

It might have been thought that the last word regarding John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, had been said, and well said, in Mr. Villard's recently published biographical study. But now comes an author who not only challenges Mr. Villard's estimate of Brown, but also makes the grave accusation that Mr. Villard has suppressed certain historical documents and other evidence that would establish a very different view. This view, briefly, is that Brown was a colossal hypocrite, swindler, and cold-blooded murderer, and that the money motive was paramount in his life. Mr. Wilson, it is to be noted, writes as an anti-slavery sympathizer himself, and it is evident that he honestly believes in the truth of the dismal portrait he has drawn of old John Brown; but it is not likely that he will impress his belief on many thoughtful readers. Nobody contends to-day that Brown was a saint; all are agreed in condemning the Pottawatomie murders; but on Mr. Wilson's own showing of his earlier career it is impossible to credit the charge that he killed and burned out of sheer lust for loot—unless, indeed, he had become insane, which Mr. Wilson will not for a moment admit. The

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publication of this "critique," with its reckless accusations against Brown's latest and best biographer, is to be deeply regretted.

Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife. An Autobiography. By Mrs. John A. Logan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Mrs. Logan has spent more than fifty years of her long life in Washington, and passed through the crucial period of our National history at the side of her soldier husband. She writes with vivacity, expressing opinions and holding convictions as to men and events with great independence. It is natural that she should compare the past and present in Washington social and political circles, giving the advantage to the former. She accounts for the difference in treatment accorded to guests at the White House, for instance, by recognizing the fact that money is now more considered as a standard. The menus served in President Arthur's day are recalled with regret, in the presence of "the bowls of punch and gingersnaps" now offered by caterers after musicales. But Mrs. Logan is not by any means lacking in a sense of proportion. Her life has been given to large ideals, and her insight into and comments upon great political events are most valuable. She knew intimately most of the leading men of our National Government during her Washington residence, and having been born in 1838, in the pioneer regions of Missouri, and having lived in Illinois, her wonderful memory stretches back over the amazing time of our most active National growth. Loyalty to General Logan and absolute devotion to his interests, with practical assistance given him in his detailed work, make her, apart from her own achievements as a leader in public matters and as a writer, one of the noted women of America. A fine portrait of her as she appears now in a brilliant and dignified age is the frontispiece of this volume of unusual reminiscences.

Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern. By Walter A. Hawley. The John Lane Company, New York. $7.50.

Nearly every year there has appeared some new "rug" book. The latest is by Walter A. Hawley, and comprises a treatment of both antique and modern Oriental rugs. The book is of especial importance to American readers because of its reference to the carpets on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. But the book has a far wider practical importance in the chapters on "How to Distinguish Rugs" and on "Purchasing Rugs." With regard to the latter, Mr. Hawley calls our attention to certain facts not generally appreciated. He distinguishes three qualities to be considered in buying a rug: rarity, artistic beauty, and utility. As to rarity, the age of a rug or the locality where it was woven or its type may be the determining factor. With regard to its artistic beauty, the appreciation must necessarily be more or less individual, although there are few connoisseurs who do not agree in the fact that the antique carpets which represent the highest art of their time are not only rare but also beautiful. As to utility, however, a number of practical suggestions are in order, and these have been compactly put by the author. For the student of art the book is of real value also. Its text is detailed and informative, and is well enforced by full-page plates in color and by many half-tone engravings.

History of Religions. By George Foot Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Whoever takes up a volume by George Foot Moore has the satisfaction of knowing before he opens it that in his reading he will be in the domain of the soundest kind of scholarship, which also means the domain of the soundest common sense. Professor Moore's opinions do often meet opposition, but we do not envy the man who undertakes to correct Professor Moore's statements of fact. This volume is packed with facts. We doubt whether there is any one in the United States so competent as the author of this book to prepare such a book as this. It is, in brief, a compact statement of the history of the religions of China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, India, Zoroasterism, the religion of the Greeks and that of the Romans. Another volume will be devoted to the group of related religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. There is an extensive bibliography appended, as well as an index. This book will be indispensable to any one who wishes in brief form an account of the religions with which it deals, and will be valuable as a book of reference.

Traveler at Forty (A). By Theodore Dreiser. The Century Company, New York. $1.80.

A realist in fiction, Mr. Dreiser evens things up by employing freely dialogue and story-telling methods in his traveler's narrative. He tells about people quite as much as about things, and several of his people are "characters" like those of a story. In his own unconventional but extremely interesting way the author both makes us see the things he saw in Europe and hear the discussions with others about their meaning, national characteristics, and sometimes underlying social questions. The book is lively, quite out of the ordinary track, and it certainly keeps the reader on the alert.

Molly Beamish. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

Molly Beamish, daughter of a reckless Irishman who is overwhelmed by debt, is threatened by social disaster. She is insulted by a macaroni of Tunbridge Wells, and rescued from poverty and ostracism by the chance appearance of a gay buck from London. The story is written in consistent style with its eighteenth-century setting, but why it is told is a mystery.

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THE READER'S VIEW

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

The Workmen's Compensation Act that has just passed the New York Legislature is so important that a clear statement of its history will be helpful.

The people of the State of New York have never been willing to give their representatives in the Legislature absolute power. Therefore they have framed successive constitutions in which they express the power that they have conferred upon these representatives, and forbid them to exercise some powers which were formerly exercised by the British Parliament. For example, Parliament in former times passed bills of attainder, declaring that a person named was guilty of a crime and condemning him to punishment specified in the act without a trial. Acts were also passed taking away private property without compensation. The people of New York have prohibited this sort of legislation, and they have created a Court of Appeals which is to decide in case of dispute whether the representatives in the Legislature have exceeded the powers conferred upon them by the people or not.

When the inequality and injustice that had developed under the existing system of compensation for accidents caused by negligence had become manifest, and public sentiment was directed to the subject and found embodiment in the Wainwright Act, the Court of Appeals held that some provisions of this Act were not within the powers conferred by the people upon the Legislature because they took property from employers who had done no wrong and gave it to injured employees. Accordingly the Court declared the Act invalid. Thereupon the people of New York amended their Constitution so as to confer this power expressly upon the Legislature. The Legislature has now acted under the power so conferred in a bill that is more comprehensive than the Wainwright Bill, gives better compensation to the injured workman, and provides for the wise administration of the new system by methods that were not contemplated in the Wainwright Bill.

The effect of this orderly procedure, therefore, is to give us a much better law than we should have had in case the proposed method of recall of judicial decisions had been in existence. This American method which we have followed, and which was undoubtedly original with the American people, has given security to life and personal rights and insured the prosperity that naturally follows. Many of us think this country the happiest and the most prosperous in the world, and do not incline to change our American method for that of any absolute monarch who can, if he choose, set aside the judgments of courts and make his will for the time being the law, as the Roman Emperor could. A temporary majority is not always right. The crowd in Jerusalem that cried "Crucify Him!" were a temporary majority. The people of Paris who guillotined thousands of innocent victims during the Reign of Terror were a temporary majority. Both were wrong. It is only God who is infallible. With the multitude of individuals whom we call the people the rule is the same as with each individual who forms a part of the multitude. That is to say, self-restraint is essential to wisdom and permanent happiness, and the people of America have done wisely in putting a restraint upon themselves in the written constitutions which they have adopted in every State and in submitting to courts of justice questions arising under these constitutions.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

[The Constitution says that the Legislature must not take property without due process of law. The Legislature of New York passed a workmen's compensation law. The Court of Appeals declared that this law took property without due process. Then the people amended the Constitution, forbidding the courts to construe the Constitution to prevent the passing of a workmen's compensation law. Then the Legislature passed another compensation law, which, as Mr. Wheeler acknowledges, is more drastic than the former one. This means one of two things: It either means that the people have declared that the Legislature *can* take property without due process, or else it means that the people have decided that the Court did not understand what their Constitution meant, and have thus recalled or set aside a judicial decision. Mr. Wheeler evidently understands it in the former way; we understand it in the latter way. We do not believe for one moment that by this amendment the people have said that they want the Legislature to take property without due process of law.—THE EDITORS.]

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC A NATIONAL PROBLEM

In your issue of December 13, in an editorial in which you discuss a letter from C. G. Wade, of Superior, Wisconsin, you state that "the liquor traffic is not a National problem in any Constitutional sense, except as it involves inter-State commerce." With this as a negative basis, you argue that local option should exercise control over the liquor traffic.

In this general connection it is pertinent to call attention to the fact that the power of the Federal Government to control inter-State commerce has in recent years been most liberally construed, because it was clear that certain evils could best be abated by Federal laws. The Pure Food and Drugs Act of 1906 is perhaps the most conspicuous illustration, though no doubt many would agree that the Mann Law, which seeks to bring about by Federal

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powers the destruction of the white slave traffic, involves the most liberal interpretation yet made of the right of the Federal Government to control inter-State commerce. These liberal interpretations have, however, met with the approval of the people because they have desired the results arrived at by Congress in the enactment of these laws.

In the light of the history which has within the recent past developed, it is difficult to believe that the whisky traffic will not soon be recognized to be a National problem—and one which may be solved by the enactment of laws by Congress under its Constitutional power to control inter-State commerce. If it can, in the use of this power, protect its citizens from slightly injurious food products, can it not protect them from greatly injurious alcoholic beverages?

The extension of the power of the Federal Government in recent years has been because of conditions of *vital need*, and a condition of this type as regards the public welfare as related to the whisky traffic is rapidly becoming apparent.

Local option prohibition laws need to be supplemented by State laws, and State laws will be eventually supplemented by a National law. It will not be denied that prohibition under local option has done good; it has done more good when the State has become the unit; and it will do most good when Nation-wide. The existing Federal laws invade the rights both of communities and of States, and are in urgent need of change in the interest of comity between our political units. Who will argue that, when a State has outlawed the making of whisky, the Federal Government should license it? If it be a matter for local or State option, and the decision of the community or the State be against the manufacturer, should not the Federal Government refuse to issue a license the use of which by the person to whom it is issued means the violation of the local or State law? If the prohibition law violates the Constitution, the Supreme Court, if appealed to, will so declare; if it is not violative of the Constitution, the Federal Government should not sanction a violation of said law by issuing an internal revenue license.

Those who reflect upon the progress of prohibition within recent decades, as well as upon the enlarging of the sphere of Federal control in many matters, will hardly doubt that the liquor traffic will soon be admittedly a National problem. It was said not long ago that local option prohibition violated the rights of the individual; then that State prohibition violated the rights of the community; now it is said that National prohibition, or laws of that general kind, are violative of the rights of States. All of these objections are but futile filibusters against the force of an aroused and increasing sentiment for the most direly needed of social and economic reforms. Since slavery has been mentioned, it would be well for the friends of the Negro to weigh the fact that *whisky* has done him more harm since the war than *slavery* did before, and his highest welfare demands prohibition now as much, at least, as it did emancipation fifty years ago. The Southern States, or many of them, realizing this and other good reasons for outlawing the whisky traffic, have enacted prohibition laws. Let the Federal Government co-operate and, at least, not hinder a movement which will promote the industrial, social, and moral welfare of our people.

Oxford, Georgia. REMBERT G. SMITH.

[In the sense that it is a problem which extends to all parts of the United States, the liquor problem is National. For that matter, it is world-wide. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the most effective way of dealing with it is by National action or the joint action of all the people of the world. So far the evidence seems to us overwhelming that the most effective control of the liquor traffic has been secured by local option. There is nothing inconsistent with this view in also holding that the Nation might conceivably help to strengthen such control (as it has done through the recently enacted Webb Law) by further exercise of its power over inter-State commerce.

We may add that the letter printed herewith is notable for its good temper. It is rather an unfortunate fact that good-tempered letters on this subject are exceptional, and discourteous ones altogether too frequent.—THE EDITORS.]

THE SALE OF RAILWAY SECURITIES

A recent sale of municipal securities by a Minnesota department store, literally "over the counter," also a popular subscription conducted by the energetic Mayor Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, and some other similar recent instances, have given occasion for criticism of railways. The question is asked, Why do carriers obtain new capital through underwriting syndicates, paying large sums for the services of bankers or brokers, when they could save these fees, and in that way add to their income? It is also contended that if these fees or expenses were saved it would not be necessary to raise freight rates.

For the above reasons a discussion on this last point is appropriate at this time, because the railways of the country, as a whole, had less net corporate income available for improvements and dividends in 1911 and 1912 and, apparently, in 1913 than in 1910, though the three years have seen large additions to plants, to tonnage carried, and to gross revenue. To meet the necessities of this situation, the Eastern lines, which seem to feel the "pinch"

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more than the Western lines, are making earnest efforts for a five per cent advance in freight rates. It is quite possible, and perhaps probable, that the general public has embraced the idea that a direct sale of securities can be made an immediate resource, and if this view prevails it is, in my judgment, surely a mistake. If the Commission should grant an advance in rates while the public believes that the needed income could be realized by the saving of bankers' fees, it might cause a loss of confidence in the railway management on the part of the public; and as the confidence of the public is an absolute necessity to our healthful progress, it is wise, in my opinion, to clear the atmosphere on this point.

While it is probably true that it would be a good thing for American railways to enlarge the number of their share and bond holders, partly for the possible profit in getting the highest bid, but mainly for the wide diffusion of ownership, which unquestionably would tend to leaven the lump of public sentiment in favor of railways, in my judgment it is absolutely impossible to market railway securities to the public, no matter in how small a denomination they be issued. To put these securities on the market and then fail in the effort to have the public subscribe to them would have the effect of positively blocking the sale of them through brokers or bankers.

What we need now more than anything else is to furnish the railways with money for extensions and developments to bring into cultivation the millions of acres of fertile soil that are now entirely unprofitable for agriculture because they are from twenty-five to fifty miles or more from any railway station.

In this contention France is often cited as a country in which corporate securities are widely sold. Some years ago one American railway listed a bond issue of some twenty-seven million dollars in Paris, and split it up into such small denominations that the certificates weighed seven tons. French investors obtained the bond at the par value of one hundred francs, or twenty dollars, as against the usual custom in the United States of having the bonds one thousand dollars each. Eventually, and before a great while, these bonds found their way into the hands of a very large number of people. There was nothing "direct" about it. French people do all their investing upon expert advice and through dealers. The railway in question received its money, not in small lots from ultimate investors, but all at once from a syndicate which advanced the cash and took the chances of selling the bonds and of distributing them to its clients.

The reason why France is so great an investment field is the unlimited and unbounded confidence of the people in their bankers. There the investor hands his banker a sum of money without specifying what it is to go into—he does not know; he simply asks his banker to invest it for him in something that is safe and that pays well. In due course he receives some securities, which the banker has selected for him, and he is entirely satisfied because of his confidence in the judgment and integrity of the banker—as the French banker has almost invariably been true to his trust.

Some people propose that first an opportunity should be given to stockholders to subscribe, and whatever remains unsold to them should be auctioned off to the public. It is possible that something like this may come. Massachusetts laws permit no other method, but the statute still forbids sales below par. To illustrate: the Boston and Maine and New Haven Railroads are both below par; consequently, no stocks can be sold. The difference, however, is the state of the public mind and attitude towards railways now, as compared to what it was when this Massachusetts law was enacted, and that condition is as widely different as it is possible to imagine. At the time of the enactment of this law railway investments were extremely popular. It seemed only necessary to offer a good railway bond to the public to have it many times over-subscribed. The attitude at present is of doubt, distrust, and entire lack of confidence. Therefore it is my best judgment that any effort of this kind just at this time would result in dismal failure; and when that is the result then it would become almost impossible to get any banker or broker to take hold of the matter and purchase or float these railway securities.

E. C. SIMMONS,
Chairman The Simmons Hardware Co.
St. Louis, Missouri.

[The Outlook has already expressed its belief that a public market-place for the sale of investment securities is just as necessary as a public market-place for the sale of meats or vegetables. We believe in the general system of selling railway securities through stock exchanges and bankers and brokers, although the system has evils which ought to be remedied. Compulsory standardized reports intelligible to the ordinary investor and strict regulation of capital issues and the purposes for which such capital may be spent would go far to prevent the scandals in which the "Frisco" and New Haven systems have been involved.—THE EDITORS.]

FIRST OUTDOORS, THEN CHURCH

I would like to tell of an experience last winter in a fashionable suburban town, not forty miles from one of our largest cities, the dwellers in which one would not have pronounced church-going people.

It was a perfect Sunday in January that I visited there. The country was all snow and ice. The morning service was fairly well attended, not more so perhaps than the average

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church, but there seemed a vigor and interest, an undercurrent of vitality.

After the usual Sunday dinner there was no lingering over cigars, lounging about, or children sent off with servants. We bundled into our warmest clothing, and one and all betook ourselves to the nearest hillside, where seemingly the entire community was gathered together. The whole of that glorious afternoon we coasted, skated, and fairly drank in wholesome fun and good humor. At the end, in the beautiful fading light, we all, everybody, went straight to the little church. It filled to overflowing. Not a seat remained vacant. Skates, sleds, hockey-sticks, were left at the church door, where in summer, they told me, tennis racquets and golf sticks were likewise deposited.

The men looked big, fine, manly, in their heavy sweaters, the children rosy and bright—all happy and healthy. Never had I heard a service joined in so heartily, never had I seen one more impressive.

The active, energetic clergyman had tried every hour and every way in which to fill his church at least once on Sunday, till, realizing the temporal as well as spiritual needs of his parishioners, he had instituted a short afternoon service conducted in this way. S. K.

Flushing, Long Island.

CREDIT WHERE DUE

The editorial in your issue of November 1 on "The Government of the Canal Zone" seems to me to convey the impression that unsatisfactory conditions with regard to the construction of the Canal existed until Colonel Goethals was placed in control. It seems to me that in so doing it does an injustice to the railway men who prepared the way and planned and began the work under the direction of Theodore P. Shonts. It was the task of the Shonts Commission to render the Canal Zone habitable for white men; to investigate and report as to the relative merits of the so-called sea-level and lock canals; to design, purchase, and install the power and machinery with which the Canal was to be dug; to determine the character of the labor to be employed, and to recruit that labor, carry it to the Isthmus, and house and feed it; and to rehabilitate the Panama Railroad, an instrument essential to the construction of the great waterway. This task, which could have been accomplished at all only under the direction of a man with a genius for executive details like Mr. Shonts, was completed in an unprecedentedly quick time by the body of railway men he brought together from all parts of the United States. Mr. Shonts was appointed Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission in April, 1905, and when (by prearrangement with President Roosevelt) he resigned in March, 1907, thirty-five thousand workmen—within five or six thousand of the maximum number employed—were on the Isthmus; all the machinery essential to the completion of the Canal, with the exception of that for the construction of the locks, had been designed, constructed, assembled on the Isthmus, and put into operation; the Canal Zone was as healthy as the same average area almost anywhere in the United States or Europe; and the work of constructing the Canal was under full headway.

To Colonel Gorgas is deservedly given entire credit for the sanitation of the Canal Zone, but he told a friend of mine during his visit to New York in November that he could not have accomplished that feat without the moral support of Mr. Shonts, because of his own initiative he would never have dared to expend the vast amount of money necessary for the purpose. It does not abstract one leaf from the laurels of Colonel Goethals, who has brought the construction of the Canal to practical completion without a hitch of any kind or a suspicion of scandal or graft, to acknowledge the truth of his own assertion that no army engineer could have laid out the transportation scheme for the disposal of the "spoil"—the real problem of the digging of the Canal—as did Mr. Stevens, the chief engineer under Mr. Shonts during the railway men's régime at Panama. You did Mr. Stevens justice in this respect.

It is because, under the excitement attendant upon the completion of the Canal, the historians of what former Ambassador Bryce has designated as the greatest engineering achievement of history, as well as newspaper and magazine writers, seem to forget the splendid services rendered by the railway men under Mr. Shonts at Panama in the beginning, that I am asking attention to the facts above set forth.

W. Leon Pepperman,
Chief of Office of Administration of the Isthmian Canal Commission under the Régime of the Railroad Men.

Interborough Metropolitan Company,
New York City.

[The Outlook in its editorial of November 1 certainly did not intend to slight the vital work done by the railway men under Mr. Shonts and Mr. Stevens. The editorial in question did not purport to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject in any way. We were solely concerned in showing how authority at Panama was gradually concentrated from a Commission of seven men to a single Chief Engineer. Mr. Shonts, like his successors, Mr. Stevens and Colonel Goethals, was in entire control of the executive work of the Canal Commission, but, unlike the two chiefs who followed him, he was stationed at Washington and not at Panama. In this respect his work did mark the transition period between the first seven-headed Commission and the concentrated authority which has been vested in Colonel Goethals.—The Editors.]

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BY THE WAY

Work in mines is dangerous even to experienced miners; when men unfamiliar with the risks take up the work they take their lives in their hands—and sometimes unfortunately lose them. Such was the case in the distressing disaster at Newcastle, Colorado, recently, when thirty-eight men were killed by an explosion. They were cattlemen who had taken the place of strikers, and the explosion is believed to have been due to the ignition of coal dust from an unprotected lamp.

The nations of the world, according to "Flying," spent $89,000,000 last year in aeroplanes, and the amount spent is more than doubling each year.

Walter Camp, writing in "Collier's," says that the East learned something from the West in football the last season, and that the West learned something from the farthest West—namely, New Zealand. A team from the Australasian island has been playing on the Pacific Coast. "These New Zealanders," says Mr. Camp, "simply ran away with both Stanford University and California University."

As to the tutoring of the East by the nearer West, Mr. Camp says: "The Army [which was defeated by Notre Dame, 35 to 13] took a leaf out of Notre Dame's book, by itself developing the forward pass game and defeating the Navy with it." Another writer on football (Herbert Reed in "Harper's Weekly") says, however, that West Point's use of the forward pass was the result of early-season plans.

The Secretary of the Navy has recommended the building of a great naval dry dock at Norfolk, Virginia. The dock is to be 1,700 feet long and to cost $3,000,000.

A recent meeting of the Kansas City Association of Retail Druggists emphasized the fact that patent medicines are less used than formerly. "The sale of patent medicines at or below cost at department houses and downtown drug stores will soon be a thing of the past in Kansas City," is a newspaper comment as to the sentiment of the meeting. "Managers have learned that the public is educated past the continual use of patent medicines."

Dogs are now made immune to distemper by vaccination, a writer in the "Country Gentleman" asserts. "My puppies were inoculated with a distemper vaccine when they were three months old, and they have passed the danger zone without a single symptom of the dread disease." Distemper, says this dog-owner, is the deadliest malady known to the friend of man, and all dogs should be immunized before they are a year old.

The State Sanitary Inspector and Pure Food Commissioner of Idaho has prohibited the use of finger bowls in cafés, hotels, and dining cars, as unsanitary, according to the "Railway Age Gazette." The dining car department of the Northern Pacific discontinued the use of finger bowls several months ago.

At the International Exposition of Safety and Sanitation in New York City recently the New York Telephone Company won the grand prize for its exhibit of welfare work for its employees. The company's display was planned and built by the employees themselves.

The "safety first" movement on the railways has, like almost everything else supposed to be new, had its precursors. In a "safety first" meeting of railway men lately one speaker stated that more than forty years ago a Jersey City railway superintendent posted all around his yards and shops this sign:

"SAFETY IS PARAMOUNT"

In these later days the word "paramount" is wisely replaced by the simpler one "first."

Louis Philippe of France seems almost to belong to ancient history, and yet his real estate agent in New York City has only just passed away. The King had important investments in New York, and Charles E. Appleby took care of them. Mr. Appleby, who survived to the age of ninety, was himself a very large holder of real estate. It was a business principle with him never to mortgage any of his property, and his estate is said to be entirely unencumbered.

Illinois has declared an embargo against dairy cows from nineteen States, including New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio. This action is the result of investigations which have found bovine tuberculosis to be unusually prevalent in the States referred to.

"Every morning when we get up," a Boy Scout remarked the other day in reply to a question, "we put a knot in our neckties to remind us that one must do a good turn during the day. When we do the good turn we untie the knots." So a hundred and fifty boys were untying their knots in the Museum of Natural History, in New York City, on a recent evening, because they had escorted seventy-five blind persons to hear a lecture by Admiral Peary. The blind auditors came from New Jersey, Long Island, and the Bronx as well as from Manhattan.

Henry Clay Folger, Jr., is said to have one of the finest collections of Shakespeariana in the United States. He recently became the owner of the late Sir Edward Dowden's Shakespearean library, comprising some 2,000 volumes. Book-collecting is Mr. Folger's avocation; in the business world he is known as the President of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

"What is a sardine?" This vexed question has been raised in the English courts, according to an article in "Toilers of the Deep," and

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the testimony of experts, while not unanimous, makes it appear that the immature pilchard alone has the right to the name. Sprats and other small fry, it was there claimed, have no right to masquerade as the genuine sardine.

"Cardinal's Ban on Tango Stops Ball," "Episcopal Church Fights Tango with Dancing Lessons," "Town is Dance Mad," are newspaper headlines that show the widespread interest in the so-called "new" dances. One church plans to teach what it calls the "newest" dances, in which the objectionable features of the "new" dances are eliminated, as a remedy for the prevailing craze for the "tango," "trot," and "hug" dances.

Justice Lynn, of New York, has no anti-Semitic prejudices. In deciding a suit recently brought by a young Jewish woman against her employer he said: "The act of discharging this young lady for the reason assigned, that she had taken a religious holiday, the observance of which added to her charm and showed loyalty and moral perception, and the slurring references made by defendant's agent that 'no Jews were wanted here,' indicate a warped and biased condition of mind." The Justice upheld the right of the Jew to observe his holidays, after reasonable notice.

A great real estate transaction in England has resulted in the transfer of the Covent Garden estate of the Duke of Bedford to Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. The amount involved is one of the largest sums ever paid in a single sale, being variously stated at from $12,500,000 to $15,000,000.

San Francisco, according to a writer in the "Scientific American," has the busiest railway terminal in America—that of the Union Ferry Depot. Five railways discharge their passengers at this ferry, the total number for the year ending June 30, 1913, being 39,955,573. This exceeds the number of passengers handled at the South Station, Boston, by over a million and a half.

"Pigs is pigs" in Ireland as well as in America, and they are (or is) the cause of trouble to numerous farmers of the Green Isle. Witness this sample advertisement from an Irish weekly: "Take notice.—In order to suit arrangements, I must take the Pigs every Monday from Kilkenny and Ballyragget at the hours of from 9 to 12 o'clock. I will pay damages, as usual; but Pigs offered for sale to buyers I cannot account for them—I will not pay damages for them.—JAMES CLOHOSEY, Tullaroan."

Several advertisements in the same Irish paper are headed "Poison!" and seem to indicate the farmers' antipathy to the fashionable pleasures of the gentry. Here is one: "Poison! Take notice that the lands of Coolgrange, Freestone Hill and Rathcash West are strictly preserved and laid with poison owing to damage having been done by fox-hunting. (Signed) Mrs. MARGARET BYRNE."

Odd advertisements may frequently be found in our own newspapers also. For instance, this from the New York "Call" (Socialist): "Furnished Room to Let.—51st st., 315 E.—A comfortable, large, light room with another Comrade, together. All conveniences."

"Joe Tinker Sold for $25,000." This headline, which might cause an old-time abolitionist to think that the days of chattel slavery have come again, really merely shows the value attached to the services of a baseball player by a club which desires to secure him from a rival club. This is said to be the largest sum ever paid for the transfer in this way of an individual player. Tinker goes from the Cincinnati club to the Brooklyn club.

Chicago has been making use of a semaphore to regulate street traffic. It is operated by the policeman on duty at the crossing, and can be seen fully a block away. Thus vehicles at a distance can regulate their movements by this signal, when the familiar warning hand of the officer might not be seen.

The steamship Imperator has transported 53,656 persons across the Atlantic in seven trips to America and return, thereby establishing a world's record. The Imperator is now undergoing changes in her boiler and cold storage systems at Hamburg, and will not resume her transatlantic voyages till March 11.

In a talk to boys about whisky-drinking a writer in the "Progressive Farmer" says that in the early days of life insurance companies teetotalism was frowned upon in England, and that Robert Warren, a teetotaler, was charged a higher premium because he abjured intoxicants. "Warren started a society which has kept track of thousands of English insurance cases for over forty years; and the results show that the death rate is over a third higher for moderate drinkers than for total abstainers." The writer thinks that the smallest proportion of whisky-drinkers in any section of the Union is to be found among the growing generation in the South.

The Sulzer impeachment trial cost New York State $235,900. If the impeachment managers' attorneys had been given what they claimed, $80,000 more would have been expended. This amount was cut out of the bills by Governor Glynn.

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal Street when he met a woman with her youthful family. "So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex." "Yassah," the woman replied; "yassah, dat's a girl too."

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